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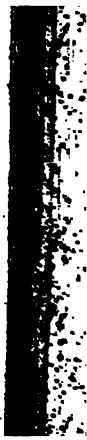
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## PREFACE

### OF THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

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AN apology can scarcely be necessary for the following attempt towards supplying the want, so long and deeply felt in the Catholic community, of a suitable collection of Hymns and Psalms, for the purposes of general devotion.

While adequate translations have opened wholly, or in great part, to the other languages of modern Europe, the entire range of the finest sacred poetry that ever flowed from uninspired pens, in the pages of the Roman Breviary and Missal; and even while the value of those compositions for the purposes of private devotion has been strikingly attested by more than one attempt to embody them into the collections of other denominations,—they have been known to our own tongue by a few scattered versions, made at various periods, without any unity

of purpose, of which it may with entire truth be said, that they were, with few exceptions, wholly inadequate in point of style, almost always inelegant, and quite frequently so rude as to border on the grotesque.

The first systematic and successful attempt to remedy a defect so remarkable, was the *Lyra Catholica* of Edward Caswall, M. A.; one of the zealous and accomplished men whom the present religious movement in England is continually bringing into the fold of Christ. His version (*Collection*, published in London, 1849) comprises all the hymns of the Roman Breviary, all the hymns and sequences of the Missal, with a selection from the Breviaries of Paris and Cluny, and from the Italian *Raccolta delle Indulgenze*. Of these pieces, every one is newly translated by Mr. Caswall, and probably more than half of them appear in English for the first time, from his hand.

As a whole, his version combines, in a very high degree, elegance, vigor, and poetical fire of thought and diction, with the still more important requisites of fidelity to the lofty religious spirit of his originals, and a most exact transfusion of their Catholic faith, fervent piety, and doctrinal integrity. It is not too

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but a scanty measure of justice to the Translator. It would be difficult to imagine any task, whether in sacred or in profane literature, which involves so many and so peculiar difficulties. It is not alone that the hymns in themselves present almost every possible shade of variety ;—the accumulated growth of every age, from the days of Constantine to our own ; the work of an endless variety of authors, from St. Ambrose and St. Jerome to the Roman academicians of the seventeenth century ; embodying every variety of subject—history, biography, doctrine, piety, asceticism, spirituality, theology, and even dogmatism ; embracing every variety of metre, from the classic measures of the Horatian epoch to the jingling rhyme of the middle age—and every shade of latinity, from the studied purity of Prudentius to the rude though expressive scholasticisms of St. Thomas. The necessity of accommodating himself to the variety which all this supposes, forms but one of the embarrassments of a poetical translator of the Breviary. The real difficulty of the task lies in the nature of a large proportion of the hymns themselves, many of which differ in almost every particular from the ordinary standard of poetical composition. Many of the hymns, it is true, are highly poetical, even in the

largest sense of the word ; but there is also a large proportion, in which either their exceeding simplicity and plainness, or their practical and didactic tone, deprives the writer of all the ordinary aids to poetry. There is no sublimity to elevate his verse, no passion to give it power ; and very often there is little tenderness, at least in the common sense of the word, to make it steal to the heart. The very language itself presents a fresh embarrassment. A sentiment which may be terse and pointed enough in the close and expressive phrase of the Latin original, becomes vague, and loose, and weak, when expanded into the lengthy English equivalent ; and when, to these inherent difficulties of the subject, we add the trammels imposed by the necessity of more than ordinarily literal translation and of adherence to the metres adapted to congregational uses, we shall have some data by which to estimate the full requirements of the task.

“It is no ordinary merit on Mr. Caswall's part, therefore, that his success appears to us to be greatest in those very portions of his work which presented the greatest difficulty. His translations of the great and striking hymns, are, no doubt, eminently successful. But we cannot help regarding it as a still greater

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evidence of his peculiar adaptation for the task which he undertook, that in the most plain and unpoetical of them all, he has, generally speaking, succeeded in preserving all the plainness and simplicity of the original, without permitting it to degenerate into commonplace, or, at least, into inelegance."

A very great merit of Mr. Caswall's collection is its completeness. Catholics need not be told that any mere arbitrary selection of a portion of the hymns of the Breviary,—of the Missal,—a portion of the Sequences,—involves in itself a contradiction and an injury. Not that many of these compositions are wanting in poetical and devotional beauties of a very high order. But the hymns of the Breviary office of the Church, for instance, though the work of many hands, the production of different times, and the offspring of various circumstances and occasions, form now, as presented to us by the Church, a harmonious and connected whole; of which, no part, even the smallest, is without its settled purpose and significance,—hidden and mystical it may be, but all contributing to the general fitness and beauty,—none which can be separated without damage to itself and the unity of the design.

Thus, to quote again the journal already alluded

to:—"To make an arbitrary selection among these parts—to adopt some and exclude others—to mutilate, or in any way to modify, the portions thus selected—even to disturb their order or arrangement—is to destroy the harmony as well as the fitness of the general design. A stranger, reading an occasional hymn of the Roman Breviary, may, no doubt, be struck by the many beauties and excellencies which he will discover therein. But, to those who are familiar with that most wonderful work of piety, we need to say that much, at the same time, will escape him, unless he knows the antecedents and the consequents. The offices of Advent lose half their significance, unless they be read with relation to the great festival which they introduce. The offices of Lent have a necessary reference to the Passion and to the Paschal mysteries; and yet, although each of these classes thus differs from the other in its object and tendency, it would be easy to show, nevertheless, that they have such a common relation to one another, that neither is in itself complete and perfect, even as a part of the great annual circle. The offices of Apostles, or of martyrs, or of bishops, receive their complement in those of confessors, of virgins, or widows, and *vice versa*; and the common offices of



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these several classes find not only a pleasing and grateful variation, but a useful and edifying commentary, in the proper offices of particular saints. To select the proper hymns of Advent, of Christmas, of Lent, of Easter, and to pass by those of the great saints, whose offices, as arranged in the Breviary, relieve and diversify them—to translate every hymn and every sequence of the Pentecostal office, and to suppress altogether the noble hymns and sequences of the office of Corpus Christi—is to mutilate and deform instead of translating; it is to suppress the most essential and characteristic elements of the great design—to present the building without the portico, or to leave the portico in solitary and unmeaning loneliness.”

Mr. Caswall has avoided this fatal error. His collection comprises not only the hymns of Vespers, but those of Matins, Lauds, and the lesser hours, as well as the hymns of the common, and also the proper ones, both of the seasons and the saints, throughout the year; so as, by means of the table prefixed, to serve as a complete manual of devotional poetry for every day, and for all holydays, and saints' days, of the ecclesiastical year.

It has, therefore, been transferred entire and

ive in a few unimportant points) to the section, of which it forms the first part, title of the "Sacred Year."

nd part of this publication comprises a hymns and anthems, for particular occasion, from various approved sources,— "Jesus and Mary, or Catholic Hymns," by Faber, (London, 1849,) and "Hymns of by Matthew Brydges, Esq.; both of them tions of the taste, genius, and piety of s to the service of the Church, to which of God has led their wandering feet; and olic Choralist," by Rev. Wm. Young, 42.)

nd part is devoted to sacred poetry of a devotional cast.

ins, in addition to a few pieces from ts, usually found in collections like the election from the compositions of writers be, less than the highest genius, but of d Catholicity, genuine piety, and pure

holic reader will indulge the effort, so far w selections may go, to snatch from the hich the fanaticism of some, and the pre-

occupation of others, would consign them, the Catholic poets of our earlier English literature,—the simple and earnest strains of Southwell, a poet, priest, and martyr, whose unshaken soul passed away in song from the fires of persecution,—Crashaw, whose tender fancy and graceful zeal have extorted the highest praises of unfriendly judges,—the manly virtue of Habington, pure in an age of license,—the later compositions of Dryden, the atonements laid by his repentant muse on the altar of religion.

And if there should be one or two yet standing apart, admitted to be of this goodly company, be it in virtue of the spirit which inspires them with strains not theirs, but “of a higher mood,” and makes them bear witness unconsciously to the truth: whereunto let us humbly hope, it is in the uncovenanted mercies of God, that they are yet to attain.

A classified Table of the principal Hymns adapted to particular occasions of devotion has been added, which, with the very full classified Table for the week-days, Sundays, and holydays, throughout the year, render the present work a complete manual of devotional exercises, and make it acceptable and advantageous to the faithful.

*Feast of the Visitation, July, 1850.*

## PREFACE

Of EDWARD CASWALL, M. A., to his *Lyra Catholica*.

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"THE Breviary Office of the Church," remarks the reverend author of the *Catholic Choralist*, "is, next to the august Sacrifice of the Altar, the most acceptable tribute of praise that man can offer to his Maker; and although, by reason of their various secular avocations, the laity are not bound, like the clergy, to its recital, yet that portion of it which includes the Hymns and Canticles, might be frequently, if not daily, recited by them, with great spiritual benefit and fruit. Thus, besides the happiness of uniting with the Church in an important portion of her most acceptable service, the Faithful would become daily more and more enlightened on the sublime truths and mysteries of Religion, and furnished with the most pathetic and edifying subjects of instruction and meditation." He adds, that it was his wish to have inserted in his collection, together with the Vesper hymns which he gives,

## PREFACE.

of Matins and Lauds, but that his engagements had not allowed him the necessary leisure for translation, with the exception of a few only Matutinal hymns.

We want thus intimated, it has been the object of the present Translator to supply. How imperfectly he has succeeded in his task, none can feel more than himself; yet, circumstances having afforded him, during the past year, an unlooked-for amount of leisure, he thought he could not employ it more dutifully to the Church (feeling, at the same time, strongly attracted to the subject) than in an attempt to exhibit, for the first time in an English form, an entire series of those divine Hymns, which, in Latin originals, have through ages been, and continue to be, to countless saintly souls, the joy and consolation of their earthly pilgrimage.

The present contribution to the existing Catholic vernacular Hymns, consists of three parts. The first, and by far the largest portion, comprises all the Hymns in the Roman Breviary; those in the Officia Sanctorum Angliæ; the second portion comprises the Hymns and Sequences in the Roman Missal; and the third consists of Hymns from various sources. Of these last

observed, that the Hymns on the Nativity, Annunciation, and Visitation, of our Blessed Lady, as also those to St. Anne, St. Stephen, and St. John the Evangelist, are from the Monastic Breviary of Cluny; those on the Purification and the Assumption, the Hymn to Jesus, and that for Sunday Morning, from the Parisian Breviary; and those to St. Joseph, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Pius the Fifth, from the *Raccolta delle Indulgenze*. Every hymn, without exception, has been newly translated from the Latin; and there is reason to believe, that nearly half the hymns here given have never before appeared in the English tongue.

As respects the Hymns in general, it may be useful to remark, that the greater number of them appear to have been originally written, not with a view to private reading, but for the purpose of being sung to the beautiful ecclesiastical melodies by Monastic and other Religious Bodies at their Office in Choir. This circumstance will serve to explain a few scattered expressions, which otherwise might seem unreal; as, for instance, where allusions occur to the practice of rising at midnight to sing praises to God;—and if, on the one hand, some few of the Hymns may so far appear less adapted to the use of

persons living in the world, it is our gain surely, on the other hand, thus, by occasional glimpses, to be reminded of that more perfect life, which has never ceased to be a reality in the Catholic Church.

Another advantage, which we owe, doubtless, in a measure, to the same circumstance—an advantage not to be despised in a sentimental age—is the exceedingly plain and practical character of these Hymns. Written with a view to constant daily use, they aim at something more than merely exciting the feelings. They have a perpetual reference to action. Their character is eminently objective. Their tendency is, to take the individual out of himself; to set before him, in turn, all the varied and sublime Objects of Faith; and to blend him with the universal family of the Faithful. In this respect they utterly differ from the hymn-books of modern heretical bodies, which, dwelling as they do, almost entirely on the state and emotions of the individual, tend to inculcate the worst of all egotisms.

And here, although the Translator may seem to be pleading his own cause, yet he cannot refrain from observing, that truly poetical as are many of these Hymns, as indeed well befits the sacred or pourings of Christ's tender Spouse, still, as a w

It is their primary and least disappointment. Whoever attempts to read them as mere will obtain from them little of that delight they are capable of inspiring. And as this is of the original Latin, so it is true still of the as they appear in the present translation; in it is to be feared, the unadorned simplicity of prototype has too often degenerated into plain; while its beauties have been faintly reflected, their clear edge blunted in passing through a earthly medium.

Something still remains to be said respecting the prefixed to the present Collection. It may be ved, then, for the sake of those who are un- inted with the subject, that several very ant Feasts, as, for instance, those of the l Virgin, and of nearly all the Apostles, have ial Hymns of their own in the Roman y, but draw their Hymns from the Com- Saints, whereas certain other Feasts of ank have special Hymns attached to them. was found that a mere statement of however complete, would convey to the l eye a very inadequate and even erroneous e Catholic Festivals; and a Calendar was



accordingly chosen instead, both as serving to correct any such apparent disproportion in the Hymns, and also with the view of rendering them more readily serviceable for daily use, in the event of any person desiring so to employ them. By its aid, the very youngest readers will be able to follow, with sufficient exactness, the course of the ecclesiastical year; and happy indeed will the Translator be, if this little book may thus be permitted to have some share in fostering, among the youth of our Catholic Seminaries, that ecclesiastical spirit, which finds its true home nowhere but in the Catholic heart, and which, if it be not necessary to the soul, is assuredly a most lovely grace, and a powerful auxiliary of the Faith.

It will be observed, that on certain special Feasts; after a reference to the proper hymns in the Breviary, reference is also made, in the Table, to the Sequence for the day, where there happens to be one, as also to the Hymns from various sources. The object of this is, to give, at a single glance, all the Hymns in the Collection that belong to any particular Day, and, at the same time, to render the Calendar a complete table of reference to the entire contents of the volume.

regards the terms used in this translation, it is well to notice, that the word *cultus*, in the places where it occurs, has been translated by another English term presenting itself as, one, so highly authorized, or as so well expressing the character of that homage, supernatural and not divine, which the Christian soul takes in paying to the Angels and Saints, and to the seated Queen.

In conclusion, the Translator desires to express warm thanks to those kind friends, both of clergy and laity, who have assisted him in his work, and also his acknowledgments for the help which he has received from existing versions.

*of St. Thomas of Canterbury, 1848.*



# A TABLE

SHOWING THE PROPER HYMNS FOR EVERY DAY THROUGH  
THE YEAR.

Arranged according to the Roman Calendar.

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## HYMNS FOR THE WEEK WHEN NOT OTHERWISE APPOINTED.

	PAGE
<b>SUNDAY</b> ..... Matins.....	49
Lauds .....	52
Vespers.....	59
Hymn for Sunday Morning .....	336
<b>MONDAY</b> .... Matins.....	60
Lauds .....	61
Vespers.....	63
<b>TUESDAY</b> .... Matins.....	64
Lauds .....	65
Vespers.....	67
<b>WEDNESDAY</b> .. Matins.....	68
Lauds .....	69
Vespers.....	70
<b>THURSDAY</b> ... Matins.....	72
Lauds .....	73
Vespers.....	74
<b>FRIDAY</b> ..... Matins.....	75
Lauds .....	77
Vespers.....	78

	PAGE
SATURDAY....	
<b>Matins</b> .....	79
<b>Lauds</b> .....	81
<b>Vespers</b> .....	83
ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS.	
<b>Prime</b> .....	85
<b>Terce</b> .....	86
<b>Sext</b> .....	87
<b>None</b> .....	88
<b>Compline</b> .....	89

---

ANTIPHONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

From the first Sunday in Advent to the Feast of the Purification .....	84
From the Purification of the Blessed Virgin to Palm- Sunday .....	85
From Easter Sunday to Whit-sunday.....	86
From Trinity Sunday to the last Sunday after Pentecost ?	87

## HYMNS ON THE MOVEABLE FEASTS.

—◆—

The Hymns at Second Vespers are the same as at First Vespers. Hymns which, though not belonging to the office of the day, may be used for it, are marked in brackets; thus, [ ].

	VESP.	MAT.	LAUDS.
s and Week-days in Advent....	89	91	92
after Septuagesima Sunday.			
Intercession of our Lord Jesus Christ on Mount Olivet.....	106	106	107
after Sexagesima Sunday.			
Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. [Part II. 363.]	109	111	112
after Quinquagesima Sunday.			
most holy Crown of Thorns of our Lord Jesus Christ.....	114	114	115
Wednesday, no special Hymns. [Part II. 352.]			
on the first Sunday in Lent, and daily till Passion Sunday .....	116	118	120
after the first Sunday in Lent.			
of the Spear and Nails of our Lord Jesus Christ. ....	121	122	123
after the second Sunday in Lent.			
of the most holy Winding Sheet of our Lord Jesus Christ .....	124	126	128

	VESP.	MAT.	LAUDS.
Friday after the third Sunday in Lent. The most holy Five Wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ. Hymns as on Passion Sunday ..... [Part II. 366.]	135	137	139
Friday after the fourth Sunday in Lent. The most precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ..... [Part II. 347, 349.]	129	131	133
Passion Sunday and through the week. [Part II. 369.]	135	137	139
Friday after Passion Sunday. The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary ..... [The same, Part II. 376.]	182	184	185
Palm-Sunday, and the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday following, as on Passion Sunday... .	135	137	139
Hymn sung on Palm-Sunday, during the Procession before Mass, 277.			
Maunday Thursday, Hymn sung during the Procession after Mass, as at Vespers on the Feast of Corpus Christi, 156.			
Good-Friday, Hymn sung during the Adoration of the Cross, 278. Hymn of St. Francis Xavier, 338.			
Holy Saturday. For this day, as for the two preceding, there are no hymns in the Office of the Day.			

	VESP.	MAT.	LAUDS.
y, and through the week. o hymns in the Office of ie Day. it Mass, 279. enediction of the Blessed nt, 293; and [Part II. 347.] and through Easter, to scension-day . . . . .	140	142	144
, and daily till Whitsun- ay. . . . .	145	147	145
sus, 333; and [Part II. 357.] nd daily to Trinity Sunday it Mass, 280. he Holy Ghost, 334; and 374.] y . . . . .	149	150	152
350.] i, and through the Octave it Mass, 282. St. Thomas Aquinas, 293. and [Part II. 363.] the Octave of Corpus hristi. ie most Sacred Heart of . . . . .	154	155	155
156	158	160	
161	163	164	
166	166	167	
after the Octave Day of ie Assumption. e Sacred Heart of Mary. . . the Sundays after Pente- st, see Hymns for the Week, p. 24.	213	215	215



- 
- 16 St. Marcellus, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.  
 17 St. Anthony, Abbot. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 18 St. Peter's Chair at Rome. Vesp. 171. Mat. 171. Lauds 17  
 sponsory of St. Peter, 321.  
 19 St. Wolstan. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 20 SS. Fabian and Sebastian. Comm. of many Mart.  
 21 St. Agnea. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.  
 22 SS. Vincent and Anastasius. Comm. of many Mart.  
 23 Desponsation of B. V. Mary, as on her Feasts. (See page 23.)  
 24 St. Timothy, Bish. Comm. of one Mart.  
 25 Conversion of St. Paul. Vesp. 173. Mat. 173. Lauds from the  
 of Ap. Responsory of St. Paul, 323.  
 26 St. Polycarp, Bish. Comm. of one Mart.  
 27 St. John Chrysostom. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.\*  
 28 St. Raymund of Pennafort. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*  
 29 St. Francis of Sales. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.\*  
 30 St. Martina. Vesp. 174. Mat. 175. Lauds 176.  
 31 St. Peter Nolasco. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*
- 

## FEBRUARY.

- 1 St. Ignatius, Bish. Comm. of one Mart.  
 2 Purification of B. V. Mary, or Candlemas-Day, as on her Feasts.  
 on the Purification, 316.  
 3 St. Blase, Bish. Comm. of one Mart.  
 4 St. Andrew Corsini. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.\*  
 5 St. Agatha. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.  
 6 St. Dorothy. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.  
 7 St. Romuald, Abbot. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*  
 8 St. John of Matha. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*  
 9 St. Apollonia. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.  
 10 St. Scholastica. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.  
 14 St. Valentine, Priest. Comm. of one Mart.  
 15 SS. Faustinus and Jovita. Comm. of many Mart.  
 18 St. Simeon, Bish. Comm. of one Mart.

## HYMNS FOR EACH MONTH

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*of Obligation are marked in capital letters; Feasts of Devotion in Italics.*

*n.—Ap. Apostle—Bish. Bishop—Comm. Common—Conf. Con-  
rt. Martyr—Virg. Virgin—An asterisk (\*) implies that a  
o be made in the first stanza of *Late Confessor*.*

*though not belonging to the office of the day, may be used  
it, are in this table inclosed in brackets: thus, [ ].*

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### JANUARY.

**VISION OF OUR LORD.** Hymns as on Christmas-Day.

*Mat. 94. Lauds 95.*

**y of St. Stephen.** Comm. of one Mart. (See preceding

**y of St. John the Evangelist.** Comm. of Ap. (See preceding

**y of Holy Innocents, as on the Day.** Mat. 97. Lauds 98.

**y of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and Vigil of the Epiphany, as  
mas-Day.** Mat. 94. Lauds 95.

**[Y OF OUR LORD, and during the Octave.** Vesp. 99.  
Lauds 100.

**nday after Epiphany—**

**st of the *Most Holy Name of Jesus*.** Vesp. 102. Mat. 103.  
**auds 104; and [Part III. 503.]**

**y of the Epiphany, as on the Day.**

**. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.\***

**as first Hermit. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\***

- 
- 11 St. Leo, Pope. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 12 St. Hermenegild. Vesp. 186. Mat. 186. Lauds 187.  
 14 SS. Tiburtius, Valerian, and Maximus. Comm. of many Mart.  
 17 St. Anicetus, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.  
 20 St. Agnes. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.  
 21 St. Anselm. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 22 SS. Soter and Cains. Comm. of many Mart.  
 23 St. George, Protector of England. Comm. of one Mart.  
 24 St. Fidelis of Sigmaringa. Comm. of one Mart.  
 25 St. Mark, Evang. Comm. of Ap.  
 26 SS. Cletus and Marcellinus. Comm. of many Mart.  
 29 St. Peter. Comm. of one Mart.  
 30 St. Catharine of Sienna. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.  
 Third Sunday after Easter. *Patronage of St. Joseph, as on Day*  
 [Part II. 411, 412.]
- 

## MAY.

- 1 SS. Philip and James. Comm. of Ap.  
 2 St. Athanasius. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 3 *Finding of the Holy Cross.* Hymns as on Passion Sunday. Vesp.  
 Mat. 137. Lauds 139.  
 4 St. Monica, Widow. Comm. of Holy Women.  
 5 St. Pius the Fifth, Pope. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.\* *Response*  
 St. Pius the Fifth, 326.  
 6 St. John before the Latin Gate. Comm. of Ap.  
 7 St. Stanislaus, Bish. Comm. of one Mart.  
 8 Apparition of St. Michael the Archangel. Vesp. 186. Mat.  
 Lauds, *Christi sanctorum*, 177.  
 9 St. Gregory Nazianzen. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 10 St. Antonina. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.\*  
 12 SS. Nereus, Achilleus, and Domitella. Comm. of many Mart.  
 14 St. Boniface. Comm. of one Mart.  
 16 St. John Nepomucen. Comm. of one Mart.  
 17 St. Paschal Baylon. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 18 St. Venantius. Vesp. 190. Mat. 191. Lauds 192.

- Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 1. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 Justin, Pope. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 Mary the help of Christians. Vesp. 194. Mat. 194.
- Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 1. Ap. of England. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 11. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 the Seventh, Pope. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 Octave of St. Augustine, as on Day.  
 12. Comm. of one Mart.  
 13. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.

---

**JUNE.**

1. Magdalen of Passi. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.  
 2. Marciolo. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 3. Ap. of Germany. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 4. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 5. and Felicianus. Comm. of many Mart.  
 6. Queen of Scotland. Comm. of Holy Women.  
 Comm. of Ap.  
 7. secundo. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 8. of Padua. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 9. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.\* ●  
 10. medesta, and Crescentia. Comm. of many Mart.  
 11. and Marcellianus. Comm. of many Mart.  
 12. Alconieri. Vesp. 198. Mat. 198. Lauds, Comm. of Virg.
13. Pope. Comm. of one Mart.  
 14. Gosnaga. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 15. first Martyr of England. Comm. of one Mart.  
 16. St. John the Baptist. Vesp. 199. Mat. 201. Lauds 202.  
 17. Abbot. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

- 26 SS. John and Paul. Comm. of many Mart.  
 27 Within the Octave of St. John the Baptist, as on Day.  
 28 St. Leo, Pope. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 29 SS. Peter and Paul. Vesp. 203. Mat. Comm. of Ap. 250. Lauds,  
 Beate pastor, 172, and Egregis doctor, 173.  
 30 Commemoration of St. Paul. Vesp. 173. Mat. 173. Lauds, Comm. of  
 Ap.

## JULY.

- 1 Octave-Day of St. John the Baptist, as on Day.  
 2 Visitation of B. V. Mary, as on her Feasts.  
 Hymn on the Visitation, 314.  
 3, 4, 5 Within the Octave of SS. Peter and Paul. Comm. of Ap.  
 6 Octave-Day of SS. Peter and Paul. Comm. of Ap.  
 7 Translat. of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Comm. of one Mart.  
 8 St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal. Vesp. 205. Mat. 205. Lauds 206.  
 10 Seven Brothers. Comm. of many Mart.  
 11 St. Pius, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.  
 12 St. John Gualbert, Abbot. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 13 St. Anacleus, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.  
 14 St. Bonaventura. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 15 Translation of St. Swithin. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.\*  
 16 The B. V. Mary of Mount Carmel, as on her Feasts.  
 17 Translation of St. Osmund. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.\*  
 18 St. Camillus de Lellis. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*  
 19 St. Vincent of Paul. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*  
 20 St. Jerome Emilian. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*  
 21 St. Henry, Emperor. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*  
 22 St. Mary Magdalen. Vesp. 207. Mat. 208. Lauds 209.  
 23 St. Apollinaris. Comm. of one Mart.  
 24 St. Alexius. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 25 St. James the Greater. Comm. of Ap.  
 26 St. Anne, Mother of B. V. Mary. Comm. of Holy Women. Hymn to  
 St. Anne, 303.  
 27 St. Pantaleon. Comm. of one Mart.  
 28 SS. Nazarius, Celsus, and Victor. Comm. of many Mart.

a. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.  
 and Sennen. Comm. of many Mart.  
 as Loyola. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

## AUGUST.

's Chains. Vesp. 110. Mat. 171. Lauds 172.  
 nus Liguori. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 f St. Stephen, the First Martyr. Comm. of one Mart.  
 ic. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 . Mary ad Nives, as on her Feasts.  
 ration of our Lord. Vesp. 211. Mat. 211. Lauds 212.  
 n. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 cus, Laurus, &c. Comm. of many Mart.  
 noc. Comm. of one Mart.  
 Comm. of Virg. not Mart.  
 ce Octave of St. Laurence, as on Day.  
 TION OF B. V. MARY, as on her Feasts.  
 n the Assumption, 317; and [Part II. 386.]  
 ithin the Octave of the Assumption—  
 t. Joachim, Father of B. V. Mary. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*  
 nth. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*  
 ay of St. Laurence. Comm. of one Mart.  
 rd, Abbot. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 rances de Chantal, Widow. Comm. of Holy Women.  
 ay of the Assumption, as on Day.  
 . Benizi. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 domes. Comm. of Ap.  
 , King of France. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 rrinus, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.  
 h Calasanctius. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*  
 stine. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 g of St. John the Baptist. Comm. of one Mart.  
 of Lima. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.; and [Part II. 422.]  
 , Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 fer the Octave-Day of the Assumption, the Feast of the Sacred  
 of Mary. Vesp. 213. Mat. 215. Lauds 215.

## SEPTEMBER.

- 2 St. Stephen, King of Hungary. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*  
 5 St. Laurence Justinian. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.\*  
 8 *Nativity of B. V. Mary*, as on her Feasts. Hymn on the  
 B. V. Mary, 309.  
 Sunday within the Octave—  
*The most holy Name of B. V. Mary*, as on her Feast  
 9 Within the Octave of the Nativity of B. V. Mary, as on Day  
 10 St. Nicholas of Tolentinum. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 14 *Exaltation of the Holy Cross*, as on Passion Sunday. Vesp.  
 137. Lauds 139.  
 15 Octave-Day of the Nativity of B. V. Mary, as on Day.  
 Third Sunday in September—  
*The Seven Dolours of B. V. Mary*. Vesp. 216.  
 Lauds 219.  
 16 SS. Cornelius and Cyprian. Comm. of many Mart.  
 17 Stigmas of St. Francis. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 18 St. Joseph of Cupertino. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 19 St. Januarius and Companions. Comm. of many Mart.  
 20 St. Eustachius and Companions. Comm. of many Mart.  
 21 *St. Matthew*. Comm. of Ap.  
 22 St. Thomas of Villanova. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.\*  
 23 St. Linus, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.  
 24 The B. V. Mary of Mercy, as on her Feasts.  
 26 SS. Cyprian and Justina. Comm. of many Mart.  
 27 SS. Cosmas and Damian. Comm. of many Mart.  
 28 St. Wenceslaus, Duke. Comm. of one Mart.  
 29 *Dedication of St. Michael, Archangel*. Vesp. 188. Mat.  
 Christe sanctorum, 177.  
 30 St. Jerome. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

## OCTOBER.

ry in October—

*the Most Holy Eccecy of B. V. Mary, as on her Feasts; and Part II. 388, &c.]*

na. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

*Guardian Angels. Vesp. 331. Mat. 331. Lauds 333; and 428, 429.]*

of Assistans. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

s and Companions. Comm. of many Mart.

Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

ope. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*

yday in October—

*ternity of B. V. Mary. Mat. 338. Lauds 335. Vesp. as on her Feasts.*

Comm. of Holy Women.

ina, Rusticus, and Eleutherius. Comm. of many Mart.

Borgia. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*

Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

of St. Edward, King and Confessor. Comm. of Conf. not

na, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.

lay in October—

*city of B. V. Mary. Vesp. 336. Mat. 337. Lauds as on her Feasts.*

Vesp. 339. Mat. 330. Lauds 339.

na. Comm. of Holy Women.

Evng. Comm. of Ap.

f Aleantara. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*

and Companions. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.

yday in October—

*strange of B. V. Mary, as on her Feasts.*

antina. Vesp. 331. Mat. 332. Lauds 334.

*r Most Holy Redeemer. Vesp. Creator alme, 89. Mat. Revum 88. Lauds, Salutis humanae, 145.*

l the Archangel. Vesp. 335. Mat. 335. Lauds 336.

Beverly. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.



- 26 St. Evaristus, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.  
 28 *SS. Simon and Jude*. Comm. of Ap.  
 29 Venerable Bede. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*

---

 NOVEMBER.

- 1 ALL SAINTS. Vesp. 237. Mat. 237. Lauds 239.  
 2 *All Souls*. No hymn in the Office of the Day. Sequence in M  
 the Dead, 286; and [Part II. 402.]  
 3 St. Winefrid. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.  
 4 St. Charles Borromeo. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 5, 6, 7 Within the Octave of All Saints, as on Day.  
 8 Octave-Day of All Saints, as on Day.  
 9 Dedication of the Basilica of our Saviour. Comm. of the Dedica-  
 a Church.  
 10 St. Andrew Avellino. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 11 St. Martin. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 12 St. Martin, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.  
 13 St. Didacus. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.  
 14 St. Stanislaus Kostka. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*  
 15 St. Gertrude. Comm. of Virg. not Mart.  
 16 St. Edmund. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 17 St. Hugh. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 18 Dedication of the Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul. Comm. of the  
 cation of a Church.  
 19 St. Elizabeth. Comm. of Holy Women.  
 20 St. Edmund, King. Comm. of one Mart.     •  
 21 *Presentation of B. V. Mary*, as on her Feasts.  
 22 St. Cecilia. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.; and [Part II. 421.]  
 23 St. Clement, Pope. Comm. of one Mart.  
 24 St. John of the Cross. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.\*  
 25 St. Catharine. Comm. of Virg. and Mart.  
 27 St. Gregory Thaumaturgus. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.  
 29 St. Saturninus. Comm. of one Mart.  
 30 *St. Andrew*. Comm. of Ap.

## DECEMBER.

um. of Virg. and Mart.

. Comm. of Conf. not Bish.

gnus. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.\*

yra. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

mm. of Conf. and Bish.\*

7. *Mary*, as on her Feasts.

seed Virgin Mary, "conceived without sin," is the  
s of the United States. The feast is solemnized on  
ay within the Octave.

Office of the Immaculate Conception, 300; and

tave of the Conception, as on Day.

1. Comm. of Conf. and Bish.

3 of the Conception, as on Day.

. of Virg. and Mart.

Conception, as on Day.

. Comm. of one Mart.

V. Mary, as on First Sunday in Advent. Vesp. 89.

1 99.

m. of Ap.

OUR LORD. Vesp. 94. Mat. 94. Lauds 95.

as-Day, 296; and [Part II. 346.]

rum Conditor, 247.

irst Martyr. Comm. of one Mart.

ten, 328.

pelist. Comm. of Ap.

1, 330 and 331.

Mat. 97. Lauds 96. Vesp. 98.

sterbury. Comm. of one Mart.

3 of the Nativity, as on Day.

mm. of Conf. and Bish.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you abundantly: teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and spiritual canticles, singing in grace in your hearts.

*Epistle of St. Paul to the Colossians*

# INDEX

## THE PARTICULAR DEVOTIONS AND RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.

---

	PAGE
ADON.—1. O Thou the Heaven's Eternal King.....	143
2. Son of the Highest, deign to cast .....	309
3. Now let the earth with joy resound .....	348
4. Have mercy Thou, most gracious God .....	433
5. The Antiphons of the B. V. Mary.....	84
ADVENT.—1. Come, O Creator Spirit Blest.....	149
2. Come, O Creator Spirit.....	334
3. Holy Spirit, Lord of Light.....	290
4. My God, accept my heart this day .....	443
ADUCTION.—O Thou the Father's Image Blest .....	61
ADORN ANGELS.—1. Ruler of the dread immense.....	293
2. Blest Spirits of light, oh ye have not forsaken ....	428
3. Dear Angel, ever at my side.....	439
AD DEPARTED.—Oh! turn to Jesus, Mother turn.....	403
AD COMMUNION.—1. Jesu, the very thought of Thee .....	103
2. O Jesu, King most wonderful .....	103
3. O Jesu, Thou the beauty art.....	104
4. Light of the soul, O Saviour blest .....	212
5. Lo! upon the Altar lies .....	235
AD EARTH.—1. O Thou, true life of all that live .....	58
2. Whilst I dwell, O my God, in this valley of tears..	469
AD JERUSALEM.—1. Jerusalem, thou City blest .....	270
2. Mine be Zion's habitation.....	523

	PAGE
<b>HOLY COMMUNION.</b> —1. O saving Victim! opening wide.....	161
2. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory .....	166
3. Lo! upon the Altar lies .....	205
4. Hail to Thee, true Body sprung.....	205
5. O Godhead hid, devoutly I adore Thee .....	206
6. My God, I love Thee, not because.....	206
7. Hymns for Communion .....	433
<b>INVOCATION OF THE HOLY GHOST.</b> —1. Before Prayer, Catechism, Singing, &c. ....	58, 334
2. Before Instruction.....	149
3. Before Sermon.....	200
<b>MONTH OF MAY.</b> Pious aspirations for .....	407
<b>MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS.</b> —1. Jesu, Creator of the world. 161	161
2. Lo! how the savage crew .....	163
3. Ark of the Covenant! not that .....	164
4. All ye who seek a certain cure .....	166
5. To Christ, the Prince of Peace .....	167
<b>PASSION OF CHRIST.</b> —1. Now let us sit and weep .....	169
2. See where in shame .....	111
3. O'erwhelmed in depths of woe .....	112
4. Daughters of Sion! royal maids .....	114
5. Forth comes the standard of the King .....	125
6. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory .....	127—140
7. At the cross her station keeping .....	129—136
<b>PEACE.</b> —1. Lord of Eternal Truth and Might .....	57
2. Blessed Lamb, on Calvary's mountain.....	309
<b>PRAYER.</b> —1. Preparative for—When thou dost talk with God .....	505
2. Invocation before—Come, O Creator Spirit .....	334
3. Before Evening Fam. Prayer—O Thou Eternal Source ..	79
4. "Lift up your hearts." Yes, I will lift .....	449
5. Distractions in—Ah! dearest Lord, I cannot pray..	451
6. Sweetness in—Why dost thou beat so quick, my heart! .....	454
7. Dryness in—O for the happy days gone by .....	457
<b>REAL PRESENCE.</b> —1. Sion, lift thy voice and sing .....	263
2. O Godhead hid, devoutly I adore Thee.....	268
<b>THANKSGIVING.</b> —Thee, O great God, we praise .....	343

PART I.

the Sacred Year:

BEING THE HYMNS, ETC.,

OF THE

BREVIARY AND MISSAL,

OTHERS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES,

ARRANGED FOR

AND FOR THE FESTIVALS AND SAINTS' DAYS  
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

---

Domine, dilexi decorum domus tue.

Super flumina Babylonis, illic sedimus et flevimus, cum  
recordaremur Sion.

Quomodo cantabimus canticum Domini in terra aliena ?  
Si oblitus fuero tui, Jerusalem, oblivioni detur dextera mea.  
Adhareat lingua mea faucibus meis, si non memvero tui :  
Si non propinvero Jerusalem in principio lætitiæ meæ.

*Ps.*

## GENERAL CONTENTS OF PART I

---

	PAGE
TABLE AND CALENDAR.....	23
HYMNS FROM THE BREVIARY.	
I. HYMNS FOR THE WEEK.....	47
Antiphons of the Blessed Virgin.....	84
II. HYMNS FROM THE PROPER OF THE SEASON.....	87
III. HYMNS FROM THE PROPER OF SAINTS.....	169
IV. HYMNS FROM THE COMMON OF SAINTS.....	241
HYMNS FROM THE MISSAL.....	275
HYMNS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.	
At Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.....	293
From the Office of the Immaculate Conception.....	300
Other Hymns.....	308





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*Sacred Year.*

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**HYMNS FROM THE BREVIARY.**

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**I.**  
**HYMNS FOR THE WEEK.**



---

SACRED YEAR.

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HYMNS FROM THE BREVIARY.

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L.

HYMNS FOR THE WEEK.

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SUNDAY.

MATINS.

*Primo die quo Trinitas.*

HIS day the blessed Trinity  
The universe began;  
his day the world's Creator rose,  
O'ercoming death for man.

Casting betimes dull sloth away,  
We too will rise by night;  
And with the Prophet seek the Lord,  
Before the dawning night.

So may He stretch his hand to save,  
And hear us in his love;  
And, cleansed from guilt, our souls restore  
To their blest home above.

So, while on this his holy Day,  
At this most sacred hour,  
Our psalms amid the stillness rise,  
May He his blessings shower.

Father of lights! keep us this day  
From sinful passions free;  
Grant us, in every word, and deed,  
And thought, to honor Thee.

Thou Lord of chastity divine!  
Grant us the grace to quell  
Those flames impure, which, cherish'd here  
Increase the flames of hell.

---

aviour, of thy sweet clemency,  
Wash Thou our sins away ;  
Grant us thy peace—grant us with Thee  
The joys of endless day.

Other of mercies ! hear our cry ;  
Hear us, coequal Son ;  
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost,  
While ceaseless ages run.

---

THE OCTAVE OF PENTECOST, TO THE SUNDAY  
NEAREST THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.

*Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes.*

us arise and watch ere dawn of light,  
O the Lord our hearts and voices raise ;  
Meditate in psalms, and all unite  
In holy hymns of praise.

ning in the strains of Saints on high,  
After, in the courts of Heaven's great King,  
We be meet his praise eternally  
With them in bliss to sing.

---

---

Father supreme ! this grace on us confer,  
And Thou, O Son by an eternal birth !  
With Thee, coequal Spirit Comforter !  
Whose glory fills the earth.

---

## L A U D S .

*Æternæ rerum conditor.*

DREAD Framer of the earth and sky,  
Who dost the light and darkness give !  
And all the cheerful change supply  
Of alternating morn and eve !

Light of the midnight traveller !  
Who dost divide the day from night !—  
Loud crows the dawn's shrill harbinger,  
And wakens up the sunbeams bright.

Forthwith at this, the darkness chill  
Retreats before the star of morn ;  
And from their busy schemes of ill,  
The vagrant crews of night return.

Oh hope, at this, the sailor cheers ;  
The waves their stormy strife allay ;  
The Church's Rock at this, in tears,  
Hastens to wash his guilt away.

Arise ye, then, with one accord !  
Nor longer wrapt in slumber lie ;  
The cock rebukes all who their Lord  
By sloth neglect, by sin deny.

At his clear cry joy springs afresh ;  
Health courses through the sick man's veins ;  
The dagger glides into its sheath ;  
The fallen soul her faith regains.

Jesus ! look on us when we fall ;—  
One momentary glance of thine  
From her guilt the soul recall  
To tears of penitence divine.

Wake us from false sleep profound,  
And through our senses pour thy light ;  
thy blest name the first we sound  
At early dawn, the last at night.



---

To God the Father glory  
And to his sole-begott  
The same, O Holy Ghost  
While everlasting ages

---

FROM THE OCTAVE OF PENTECOST  
NEAREST THE FIRST OF

*Ecce jam noctis tenuatur*

Lo, fainter now lie spread the s  
And upward shoot the trembling  
Suppliant we bend before the I  
And pray at early dawn,

That his sweet charity may all  
Forgive, and make our miseries  
May grant us health, grant us t  
Of everlasting peace.

Father supreme! this grace on  
And Thou, O Son by an eterna  
With Thee, coequal Spirit Com  
Whose glory fills the ear

## HYMN AT PRIME.

SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS THROUGHOUT THE  
YEAR.*Sanctus ordo sidera.*

Now doth the sun ascend the sky,  
And wake creation with its ray;  
Keep us from sin, O Lord most high!  
Through all the actions of the day.

Curb Thou for us th' unruly tongue;  
Teach us the way of peace to prize;  
And close our eyes against the throng  
Of earth's absorbing vanities.

Oh, may our hearts be pure within!  
No cherish'd madness vex the soul!  
By abstinence the flesh restrain,  
And its rebellious pride control.

When the evening stars appear,  
And in their train the darkness bring;  
We, O Lord, with conscience clear,  
In praise to thy pure glory sing.

---

To God the Father glory be,  
And to his sole-begotten Son ;  
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
While everlasting ages run.

---

## HYMN AT TERCE.

ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS THROUGHOUT  
YEAR.

*Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus.*

COME, Holy Ghost, and through each  
In thy full flood of glory pour ;  
Who, with the Son and Father, art  
One Godhead blest for evermore.

So shall voice, mind, and strength con  
Thy praise eternal to resound ;  
So shall our hearts be set on fire,  
And kindle every heart around.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;  
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !  
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,  
Reignest while endless ages run.

---

**HYMN AT SEXT.**

**ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS THROUGHOUT THE  
YEAR.**

*Rector potens, vorax Deus.*

**LORD** of eternal truth and might !  
● **Ruler** of nature's changing scheme !  
**Who** dost bring forth the morning light,  
**And** temper noon's effulgent beam :

**Quench** Thou in us the flames of strife,  
**And** bid the heat of passion cease ;  
**From** perils guard our feeble life,  
**And** keep our souls in perfect peace.

**Father** of mercies ! hear our cry ;  
**Hear** us, O sole-begotten Son !  
**Who**, with the Holy Ghost most high,  
**Reignest** while endless ages run.

---

## HYMN AT NONE.

ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS THROUGHOUT  
YEAR.

*Rerum Deus tenax vigor.*

O THOU true life of all that live!  
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sweep,  
Who dost the morn and evening give,  
And through its changes guide the day

Thy light upon our evening pour,—  
So may our souls no sunset see;  
But death to us an open door  
To an eternal morning be.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;  
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!  
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,  
Reignest while endless ages run.

---

## HYMN AT VESPERS.

DAY WHEN NO OTHER HYMN IS APPOINTED.

*Lucis Creator optima.*

Creator of the light!  
dost the dawn from darkness bring;  
ming Nature's depth and height,  
with the new-born light begin;  
  
ntly blending eve with morn,  
morn with eve, didst call them day:—  
ws the flood of darkness down;  
ur us as we weep and pray!  
  
our souls from schemes of crime;  
t remorseful let them know;  
ng but on things of time,  
nal darkness go.  
  
knock at Heaven's high door;  
hé prize of life to win;  
evil to abhor,  
ourselves *within*.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;  
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !  
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high  
Reignest while endless ages run.

---

MONDAY.

MATINS.

*Somno reffectis artubus.*

OUR limbs with tranquil sleep refresh'  
Lightly from bed we spring ;  
Father supreme ! to us be nigh,  
While to thy praise we sing.

Thy love be first in every heart,  
Thy name on every tongue ;  
Whatever we this day may do,  
May it in Thee be done.

Soon will the morning star arise,  
And chase the dusk away ;  
Whatever guilt has come with night,  
May it depart with day.

. off in us, Almighty Lord,  
 All that may lead to shame;  
 So with pure hearts may we in lilies  
 Thine endless praise proclaim.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;  
 Hear us, coequal Son!  
 Who reignest with the Holy Ghost  
 While ceaseless ages run.

LAUDS.

*Splendor paternæ gloriæ.*

- O Thou the Father's Image blest!  
 Who callest forth the morning ray;  
 O Thou eternal Light of light!  
 And inexhaustive Fount of day!

True Sun!—upon our souls arise,  
 Shining in beauty evermore;  
 And through each sense the quick'ning beam  
 Of the eternal Spirit pour.



Thee too, O Father of might and  
Father of glorious majesty!  
Thy pitying eye on us incline.

Confirm us in each good resolve;  
The Tempter's envious rage subdue;  
Turn each misfortune to our good;  
Direct us right in all we do.

Rule Thou our inmost thoughts; let no  
Impurity our hearts defile;  
Grant us a true and fervent faith;  
Grant us a spirit free from guile.

May Christ Himself be our true Food  
And Faith our daily cup supply;  
While from the Spirit's tranquil dew  
We drink unfailing draughts of

Still ever with the peep of morn  
May saintly modesty attend;  
Faith sanctify the midday hour  
Upon the soul no night de

breaks the dawn.—Each whole in Each,  
 ne, Father blest! come, Son most high!  
 in our souls, and be to them  
 a dawn of immortality.

od the Father glory be,  
 l to his sole-begotten Son;  
 ame, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,  
 ile everlasting ages run.

---

V E S P E R S .

*Immense celi conditor.*

of immensity sublime!  
 o, lest the waters should confound  
 world, didst them in earliest time  
 ide, and make the skies their bound;

ng for some on earth below,  
 others in the heav'ns a place;  
 so the sun's attemper'd glow  
 ght not thy beauteous works efface.

---

Upon our fainting souls distill  
 The grace of thy celestial dew ;  
 Let no fresh snare to sin beguile,  
 No former sin revive anew.

Grant us the grace, for love of Thee,  
 To scorn all vanities below ;  
 Faith to detect each falsity ;  
 And knowledge, Thee alone to know

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;  
 Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !  
 Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,  
 Reignest while endless ages run.

---

TUESDAY.

M A T I N S.

*Consorts paterni luminis.*

PURE Light of light ! eternal Day !  
 Who dost the Father's brightness share ;  
 Our chant the midnight silence breaks ;—  
 Be nigh, and hearken to our prayer.

---

Scatter the darkness of our minds,  
And turn the hosts of hell to flight;  
Let not our souls in sloth repose,  
And sleeping sink in endless night.

O Christ! for thy dear mercy's sake,  
Spare us, who put our trust in Thee;  
Nor let our hymns ascend in vain  
To thy immortal Majesty.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;  
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!  
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,  
Reignest while endless ages run.

---

L A U D S.

*Ales diei nuntius.*

Now, while the herald bird of day  
Proclaims the morning bright;  
Christ also, speaking in the soul,  
Wakes her to life *and* light.

**"Take up your beds," we hear Him  
"No more in slumber lie;  
In justice, truth, and temperance,  
Keep watch;—your Lord is nigh.**

**O Christ! and art Thou nigh indeed  
Then let us watch and weep;  
This truth but once in earnest felt  
Forbids the heart to sleep.**

**Break, Lord, the spell that wraps us  
In deadly bonds of night;  
Shatter the chains of former guilt;  
Renew in us thy light.**

**To God the Father glory be,  
And to his only Son;  
The same, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,  
While ceaseless ages run.**

---

## VESPERS.

*Telluris alma conditor.*

ALMIGHTY Framers of the globe!  
with thy mighty hand  
gather up the rolling seas,  
firmly base the land:

to the freshly teeming earth  
thou herb and seedling bear,  
bring in early beauty gay,  
and flowers and fruitage fair:

parch'd souls pour, Thou, O Lord,  
freshness of thy grace;  
mercies shall spring anew,  
all the past efface.

as to fear thy holy law,  
and feel thy goodness nigh;  
and as through life thy peace; in death  
and in immortality.

---

Father of mercies! hear our cry;  
Hear us, coequal Son!  
Who reignest with the Holy Gh  
While ceaseless ages run.

---

WEDNESDAY.

M A T I N S .

*Rerum Creator optime.*

O BLEST Creator of the world!  
Look in thy pity down;  
Nor let the guilty sleep of sin  
Our souls in torpor drown.

Lord of all holiness! may we  
Find mercy in thy sight;  
Who, to set forth thy glory, rise  
Before the morning light.

Who, as the holy Psalmist bids,  
Our hands thus early raise;  
And in the midnight sing with Pa  
And Silas hymns of praise.

---

su ! to Thee our deeds we show,  
To Thee our hearts lie bare ;  
t, hearken to the sighs we pour,  
And in thy mercy spare.

ther of mercies ! hear our cry ;  
Hear us, coequal Son !  
ho reignest with the Holy Ghost  
While ceaseless ages run.

---

L A U D S .

*Nox et tenebra et nubila.*

t and darkness, cloud and storm,  
used creations of the night ;  
nters—morning streaks the sky—  
st comes,—'tis time ye take your flight.

by the sun's ethereal dart,  
t's gloomy mass is cleft in twain ;  
the smiling face of day,  
re resumes her tints again.



---

O Christ, we know no sun but Th  
 Shine in our souls divinely brig  
 We seek Thee in simplicity ;  
 Through all our senses shed th

A thousand objects all around  
 In false delusive colors shine ;  
 To purge them clear, we ask, O I  
 But one immortal beam of thine

To God the Father glory be,  
 And to his sole-begotten Son  
 The same, O Holy Ghost ! to The  
 While everlasting ages run.

---

V E S P E R S .

*Cæli Deus sanctissime.*

LORD of eternal purity !  
 Who dost the world with light  
 And paint the tracts of azure sky  
 With lovely hues of eve and mo

---

thou shalt command the sun to light  
fiery wheel's effulgent blaze ;  
set the moon her circuit bright ;  
stars their ever-winding maze :

each within its order'd sphere,  
thy light divide the night from day ;  
of the seasons through the year,  
well remember'd signs display :

For our night, eternal God,  
kindle thy pure beam within ;  
release us from guilt's oppressive load,  
break the deadly bonds of sin.

O God of mercies ! hear our cry ;  
for us, O sole-begotten Son !  
with the Holy Ghost most high,  
thou hast kept us true while endless ages run.

---

## THURSDAY.

## MATINS.

*Nox atra rerum contegit.*

THE pall of night o'ershades the earth,  
And hides the tints of day ;—  
O Thou! to whom no night comes near,  
Dread Judge! to Thee we pray!

That Thou wilt all our guilt remove,  
And our lost peace restore ;  
And of thy mercy grant that we  
May grieve thy heart no more.

The guilty soul, which all too long  
In lethargy hath lain,  
Yearns to cast off her load, and seek  
Her Saviour's face again.

Expel from her the darkness, Lord,  
Of her internal night ;  
Renew her bliss,—renew in her  
Thy beatific light.

---

Father of mercies! hear our cry;  
Hear us, coequal Son!  
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost  
While ceaseless ages run.

---

## L A U D S .

*Lux ecce surgit aurea.*

Now with the rising golden dawn,  
Let us, the children of the day,  
Cast off the darkness which so long  
Has led our guilty souls astray.

Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,  
Its own sweet calm in us instill;  
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,  
Simplicity of word and will:

And ever, as the day glides by,  
May we the busy senses rein;  
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,  
Nor let the body *suffer stain*.

For all day long, on Heaven's high tower  
There stands a Sentinel, who spies  
Our every action, hour by hour,  
From early dawn till daylight dies.

To God the Father glory be,  
And to his sole-begotten Son ;  
The same, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,  
While everlasting ages run.

---

## V E S P E R S .

*Magnæ Deus potentis.*

LORD of all power ! at whose command,  
The waters, from their teeming womb  
Brought forth the countless tribes of fish  
And birds of every note and plume :

Who didst, for natures link'd in birth,  
Far different homes of old prepare ;  
Sinking the fishes in the sea ;  
Lifting the birds aloft in air.

born of thy baptismal wave,  
 O ask of Thee, O Lord divine!  
 Save us, whom Thou hast sanctified  
 By thy own Blood, for ever thine.

Save from all pride, as from despair;  
 Not sunk too low, nor raised too high:  
 Not raised by pride, we headlong fall;  
 Not sunk in despair, lie down and die."

O God of mercies! hear our cry;  
 Save us, O sole-begotten Son!  
 With the Holy Ghost most high,  
 Whom longest while endless ages run.

---

FRIDAY.

M A T I N S.

*The Trinitatis Unitas.*

THOU! who dost all nature sway,  
 O read Trinity in Unity!  
 O apt the trembling praise we pay  
 To thy eternal Majesty.

---

Hear us, who one and all arise,  
While silent midnight breathes around  
To seek from Thee, with tears and cries  
A healing balm for every wound.

Almighty Lord! whatever guilt  
Satan hath wrought in us this night,  
May it before thy Presence melt,  
Like mist before the morning light.

Grant us a body pure within;  
A wakeful heart, a ready will;  
Grant us, by no deep cherish'd sin,  
The fervor of the soul to chill.

Fill Thou our souls, Redeemer true!  
With thy most pure celestial ray;  
So may we walk in safety through  
All the temptations of the day.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;  
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!  
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,  
Reignest while endless ages run.

---

## L A U D S.

*Æterna omni gloriæ.*

ETERNAL Glory of the heav'ns!  
Blest Hope of all on earth!  
God, of eternal Godhead born!  
Man, by a virgin birth!

Jesu! be near us when we wake;  
And, at the break of day,  
With thy blest touch awake the soul,  
Her meed of praise to pay.

The star that heralds in the morn  
Is fading in the skies;  
The darkness melts;—O Thou true Light!  
Upon our souls arise.

Steep all our senses in thy beam;  
The world's false night expel;  
Purge each defilement from the soul,  
And in our bosoms dwell.



---

Come, early Faith! fix in our hearts  
Thy root immovably;  
Come, smiling Hope! and, last not least,  
Immortal Charity!

To God the Father glory be,  
And to his only Son;  
The same, O Holy Ghost! to thee,  
While ceaseless ages run.

---

V E S P E R S .

*Hominis superne conditor.*

MAKER of men! who by Thyself,  
All things in wisdom ordering,  
Didst from the quick'ning earth bring forth  
Wild beasts, and every creeping thing:

At whose command, instinct with life,  
Huge forms emerg'd from shapeless clay  
Ordain'd, through their appointed times,  
Man, thy frail servant, to obey:

---

Expel from us wild passions, Lord,  
With all the reptile brood of sin;  
Nor suffer vice, familiar grown,  
To make itself a home within.

Hereafter grant thine endless joys;  
Here thy continual grace supply;  
Loosen the guilty chain of strife;  
Draw close the bonds of unity.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;  
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!  
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,  
Reignest while endless ages run.

---

SATURDAY.

MATINS.

*Sumus Patens clementia.*

O THOU eternal Source of love!  
Ruler of nature's scheme!  
In Substance One, in Persons Three!  
Omniscient and Supreme!

## VESPERS.

*Jam sol recedit igneus.*

Now doth the fiery sun decline :—  
Thou, Unity Eternal! shine;  
Thou, Trinity, thy blessings pour,  
And make our hearts with love run o'er

Thee in the hymns of morn we praise;  
To Thee our voice at eve we raise;  
Oh, grant us, with thy Saints on high,  
Thee through all time to glorify.

•

Praise to the Father, with the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;  
As ever was in ages past,  
And shall be so while ages last.

---

*The Hymns at Matins, Lauds, and Vespers, during  
and Easter, will be found among those belonging to the 1  
of the Season.*

---

---

HYMN AT COMPLINE.

ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS THROUGHOUT THE  
YEAR.

*To lucis ante terminum.*

Now with the fast-departing light,  
Maker of all! we ask of Thee,  
Of thy great mercy, through the night  
Our guardian and defence to be.

Far off let idle visions fly ;  
No phantom of the night molest :  
Curb thou our raging enemy,  
That we in chaste repose may rest.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;  
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !  
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,  
Reignest while endless ages run.

---

ANTIPHONS  
OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

---

FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT TO THE  
FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION.

*Alma Redemptoris Mater.*

MOTHER of Christ ! hear thou thy people's cry  
Star of the deep, and Portal of the sky !  
Mother of Him who thee from nothing made  
Sinking we strive, and call to thee for aid :  
Oh, by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee  
Thou Virgin first and last, let us thy mercy

---

---

FROM THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN  
TO PALM-SUNDAY.

*Ave Regina colorum.*

HAIL, O Queen of Heav'n enthron'd!  
Hail, by angels Mistress own'd!  
Root of Jesse! Gate of morn!  
Whence the world's true Light was born:  
Glorious Virgin, joy to thee,  
Loveliest whom in Heaven they see:  
Fairest thou where all are fair!  
Plead with Christ our sins to spare.

---

FROM EASTER-SUNDAY TO WHIT-SUNDAY.

*Regina celi letare.*

oy to thee, O Queen of Heaven! Alleluia.  
He whom thou wast meet to bear; Alleluia.  
As He promis'd, hath arisen; Alleluia.  
Pour for us to Him thy prayer; Alleluia.

FROM TRINITY SUNDAY TO THE LAST SUNDAY  
AFTER PENTECOST.

*Salve Regina, Mater misericordis.*

MOTHER of mercy, hail, O gentle Queen !  
Our life, our sweetness, and our hope, all h  
Children of Eve,  
To thee we cry from our sad banishment ;  
To thee we send our sighs,  
Weeping and mourning in this tearful vale.  
Come, then, our Advocate ;  
Oh, turn on us those pitying eyes of thine  
And our long exile past,  
Show us at last  
Jesus, of thy pure womb the fruit divine.  
O Virgin Mary, mother blest !  
O sweetest, gentlest, holiest !

---

*Sacred Year.*

---

**MNS FROM THE BREVIARY.**

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**II.**

**MS BELONGING TO THE PROPER OF  
THE SEASON.**



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—

D YEAR.

---

THE BREVIARY.

---

II.

TO THE PROPER OF  
SEASON.

---

K-DAYS DURING ADVENT.

P E R S.

*me siderum.*

n! Eternal light  
hy name believe!  
of mankind!  
poor suppliants give.

---

When man was sunk in sin and death,  
Lost in the depth of Satan's snare,  
Love brought Thee down to cure our ill  
By taking of those ills a share.

Thou, for the sake of guilty men,  
Causing thine own pure blood to flow  
Didst issue from thy Virgin shrine,  
And to the Cross a Victim go.

So great the glory of thy might,  
If we but chance thy name to sound,  
At once all Heaven and Hell unite  
In bending low with awe profound.

Great Judge of all ! in that last day,  
When friends shall fail, and foes com  
Be present then with us, we pray,  
To guard us with thy arm divine.

To God the Father, and the Son,  
All praise and power and glory be ;  
With Thee, O holy Comforter !  
Henceforth through all eternity.

WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE FEAST OF THE  
CONCEPTION.]

O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,  
Immortal glory be to Thee;  
Praise to the Father infinite,  
And Holy Ghost eternally.

•

---

M A T I N S.

*Verbum supernum prodiens.*

THOU, who thine own Father's breast  
Forsaking, Word sublime!  
Didst come to aid a world distress'd  
In thy appointed time:

Our hearts enlighten with thy ray,  
And kindle with thy love;  
That, dead to earthly things, we may  
Live but to things above.

So when before the Judgment-seat  
The sinner hears his doom,  
And when a voice divinely sweet  
Shall call the righteous home ;

Safe from the black and fiery flood  
That sweeps the dread abyss,  
May we behold the face of God  
In everlasting bliss.

Now to the Father, with the Son,  
And Spirit evermore,  
Be glory while the ages run,  
As in all time before.

---

## L A U D E.

*En clara voz redarguit.*

HARK! an awful voice is sounding ;  
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say ;  
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,  
O ye children of the day!"

Startled at the solemn warning,  
Let the earth-bound soul arise ;  
Christ her Sun, all sloth dispelling,  
Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb so long expected,  
Comes with pardon down from Heaven ;  
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,  
One and all to be forgiven.

So, when next He comes with glory,  
Wrapping all the earth in fear,  
Say He then as our Defender  
On the clouds of Heaven appear.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,  
To the Father and the Son,  
With the everlasting Spirit,  
While eternal ages run.

---

## CHRISTMAS-DAY.

## VESPERS AND MATINS.

*Jesu Redemptor omnium.*

**JESU, Redeemer of the world !  
Who, ere the earliest dawn of light,  
Wast from eternal ages born,  
Immense in glory as in might ;**

**Immortal Hope of all mankind !  
In whom the Father's face we see ;  
Hear Thou the prayers thy people pour  
This day throughout the world to Thee**

**Remember, O Creator Lord !  
That in the Virgin's sacred womb  
Thou wast conceived, and of her flesh  
Didst our mortality assume.**

**This ever-blest recurring day  
Its witness bears, that all alone,  
From thy own Father's bosom forth,  
To save the world Thou camest down.**

O Day! to which the seas and sky,  
And earth and Heav'n, glad welcome sing;  
O Day! which heal'd our misery,  
And brought on earth salvation's King.

We too, O Lord, who have been cleansed  
In thy own fount of blood divine,  
Offer the tribute of sweet song,  
On this blest natal day of thine.

O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,  
Immortal glory be to Thee;  
Praise to the Father infinite,  
And Holy Ghost eternally.

---

LAUDS.

*A solis ortus cardine.*

FROM the far-blazing gate of morn  
To earth's remotest shore,  
Let every tongue confess to Him  
Whom holy Mary bore.

---



## CHRISTMAS-DAY.

## VESPERS AND MAT

*Jesu Redemptor omnium.*

JESU, Redeemer of the world!  
Who, ere the earliest dawn of  
Wast from eternal ages born,  
Immense in glory as in might;

Immortal Hope of all mankind!  
In whom the Father's face we  
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This day throughout the world

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Thou wast conceived, and of her  
Didst our mortality assume.

This ever-blest recurring day  
Its witness bears, that all alone  
From thy own Father's bosom fo  
To save the world Thou came:

! to which the seas and sky,  
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! brought on earth salvation's King.

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mortal glory be to Thee;  
se to the Father infinite,  
nd Holy Ghost eternally.

---

L A U D S.

*A solis ortus cardine.*

FROM the far-blazing gate of morn  
To earth's remotest shore,  
Let every tongue confess to Him  
Whom holy Mary bore.

---

Lo! the great Maker of the world, :  
Lord of eternal years,  
To save his creatures, veil'd beneath  
A creature's form appears.

A spotless maiden's virgin breast  
With heav'nly grace He fills;  
In her pure womb he is conceived,  
And there in secret dwells.

That bosom, Chastity's sweet home,  
Becomes, oh, blest reward!  
The shrine of Heav'n's immortal King,  
The temple of the Lord.

And Mary bears the babe, foretold  
By an Archangel's voice;  
Whose presence made the Baptist leap  
And in the womb rejoice.

A manger scantily strewn with hay  
Becomes th' Eternal's bed;  
And He, who feeds each smallest bird,  
Himself with milk is fed.

Straightway with joy the Heav'ns are fill'd,  
The hosts angelic sing ;  
And shepherds hasten to adore  
Their Shepherd and their King.

Praise to the Father ! praise to Thee,  
Thou Virgin's holy Son !  
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,  
While endless ages run.

---

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

M A T I N S .

*Audit tyrannus anxius.*

WHEN it reach'd the tyrant's ear,  
Brooding anxious all alone,  
That the King of kings was near,  
Who should sit on David's throne ;



Stung with madness, straight he cries,  
" Treason threatens—draw the sword !  
Rebels all around us rise !  
Drown the cradles deep in blood !"

But Cana saw her glorious Lord  
Begin his miracles divine ;  
When water, reddening at his word,  
Flow'd forth obedient in wine.

To Thee, O Jesu, who Thyself  
Hast to the Gentile world display'd,  
Praise, with the Father evermore,  
And with the Holy Ghost, be paid.

---

## L A U D S .

*O sola magnarum urbium.*

BETHLEHEM ! of noblest cities  
None can once with thee compare ;  
Thou alone the Lord from Heaven  
Didst for us Incarnate bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning  
Was the star that told his birth ;  
To the lands their God announcing,  
Hid beneath a form of earth.

By its lambent beauty guided,  
See, the Eastern kings appear ;  
See them bend, their gifts to offer,—  
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

Offerings of mystic meaning!—  
Incense doth the God disclose ;  
Gold a royal child proclaimeth ;  
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

Holy Jesu! in thy brightness  
To the Gentile world display'd!  
With the Father, and the Spirit,  
Endless praise to Thee be paid.

---

## FEAST OF THE MOST HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

VESPERS.

*Jesu dulcis memoria.*

JESU! the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far thy face to see,  
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame  
Nor can the memory find,  
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,  
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart,  
O joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,  
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? ah! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show :  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but his loved ones know.

Jesu! our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be;  
Jesu! be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

---

M A T I N S .

(The same continued.)

*Jesu Rex admirabilis.*

O JESU! King most wonderful!  
Thou Conqueror renown'd!  
Thou Sweetness most ineffable!  
In whom all joys are found!

When once Thou visitest the heart,  
Then truth begins to shine;  
Then earthly vanities depart;  
Then kindles love divine.



O Jesu! Light of all below!  
Thou Fount of life and fire!  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
All that we can desire:

May every heart confess thy name,  
And ever Thee adore;  
And seeking Thee, itself inflame  
To seek Thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues for ever bless;  
Thee may we love alone;  
And ever in our lives express  
The image of thine own.

---

## L A U D S.

(The same continued.)

*Jesu decus angelicum.*

O JESU! Thou the beauty art  
Of angel worlds above;  
Thy name is music to the heart,  
Enchanting it with love.

Celestial sweetness unalloy'd!  
Who eat Thee hunger still;  
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,  
Which naught but Thou can fill.

O my sweet Jesu! hear the sighs  
Which unto Thee I send;  
To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,  
My being's hope and end!

Stay with us, Lord, and with thy light  
Illume the soul's abyss;  
Scatter the darkness of our night,  
And fill the world with bliss.

O Jesu! spotless Virgin flower!  
Our life and joy! to Thee  
Be praise, beatitude, and power,  
Through all eternity.

---

## FRIDAY AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

PRAYER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST  
ON MOUNT OLIVET.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

*Aspicit ut Verbum Patris a supernis.*

SEE from on high, array'd in truth and grace  
The Father's Word descend!  
Burning to heal the wounds of Adam's race  
And our long evils end!

Pitying the miseries which with the Fall  
In Paradise began,  
Prostrate upon the earth, the Lord of all  
Entreats for ruin'd man.

Oh, bitter then was our Redeemer's lot,  
While whelm'd in griefs unknown:  
"Father," He cries, "remove this cup; yet  
My will, but thine be done."

While, a dread anguish pressing down his heart,  
He faints upon the ground;  
And from each bursting pore the blood-drops  
start,  
Moistening the earth around.

But quickly, from high Heaven, an angel came,  
To soothe the Saviour's woes;  
And, strength returning to his languid frame,  
Up from the earth He rose.

Praise to the Father; praise, O Son! to Thee,  
To whom a name is given  
Above all names; praise to the Spirit be,  
From all in earth and Heaven.

---

L A U D S.

*Veni e Cælo Mediator atto.*

LAUGHTER of Sion! cease thy bitter tears,  
And calm thy breast;  
Foretold through ages past, lo! now appears  
Thy Mediator blest.

That garden, where of old our guilt  
Wrought death and pain ;  
But this, where Jesus prays by night  
Brings life and joy again.

Hither, of his own will, the Lord, for  
Comes to atone ;  
And stays the thunderbolts about to  
From the dread Father's thro'

So shall He break the adamant ch  
Of Hell's abyss ;  
And opening Heaven long closed, ca  
To his eternal bliss.

Praise to the Son, to whom a name  
All names is given ;  
Praise to the Father and the Spirit o  
From all in earth and Heaven

---

DAY AFTER SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

THE PASSION  
OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

V E S P E R S.

*Merentes oculi spargite lachrymas.*

Let us sit and weep,  
Fill our hearts with woe;  
Singing the shame, and torments deep,  
Which from wicked men did undergo.

Behold the multitude,  
Whose words and staves, draw nigh;  
Behold they they smite, with buffets rude,  
In the divine of awful majesty:

Bound with cruel cord,  
To the scourge is given;  
The slaves lift their hands, unawed,  
The King of kings and Lord of Heaven.

---

Praise, honor, glory be through endless time  
To th' everlasting God;  
Who wiped away our deadly stains of crime  
In his own Blood.

---

## L A U D S.

*Sæpe dolorum turbine.*

O'ERWHELM'D in depths of woe,  
Upon the Tree of scorn  
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,  
With racking anguish torn.

See! how the nails those hands  
And feet so tender rend;  
See! down his face, and neck, and breast,  
His sacred Blood descend.

Hark! with what awful cry  
His Spirit takes its flight;  
That cry, it pierced his Mother's heart,  
And whelm'd her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base  
Rocks wildly to and fro ;  
Tombs burst ; seas, rivers, mountains quake ;  
The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light ;  
The midday heavens grow pale ;  
The moon, the stars, the universe,  
Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute ?  
Come, youth ! and hoary hairs !  
Come, rich and poor ! come, all mankind !  
And bathe those feet in tears.

Come ! fall before His Cross,  
Who shed for us his blood ;  
Who died the victim of pure love,  
To make us sons of God.

Jesu ! all praise to Thee,  
Our joy and endless rest !  
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,  
Our crown amid the blest.



## FRIDAY AFTER QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY

THE MOST HOLY CROWN OF THORNS  
OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

*Exite Sion filie.*

DAUGHTERS of Sion! royal maids!  
Come forth to see the crown,  
Which Sion's self, with cruel hands  
Hath woven for her Son.

See! how amid his gory locks  
The jagged thorns appear;  
See! how his pallid countenance  
Foretells that death is near.

Oh, savage was the earth that bore  
Those thorns so sharp and long!  
Savage the hand that gather'd them  
To work this deadly wrong!

Now that Christ's immortal Blood  
th' ting'd them with its dye,  
than roses they appear,  
buds of victory.

Th' thorns which pierced thy brow  
grew from the seed of sin;  
ours, we pray thee, from our hearts,  
Plant thine own therein.

Honor, to the Father be,  
due to his only Son;  
to the blessed Paraclete,  
due endless ages run.

---

L A U D S .

*Legis figuris pingitur.*

CHRIST'S peerless Crown is pictur'd in  
The figures of the Law:  
The Ram entangled in the thorns  
The Bush which *Moses* saw;

The Rainbow girding round the ark ;  
The Table's crown of gold ;  
The Incense which in waving wreaths  
Around the Altar roll'd.

Hail, glorious Crown ! which didst th  
Of dying Jesus feel ;  
Thou dost the brightest gems outshin  
And all the stars excel.

Praise, honor, to the Father be,  
Praise to his only Son ;  
Praise to the blessed Paraclete  
While endless ages run.

---

ON SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS IN LENT  
PASSION SUNDAY.

V E S P E R S .

*Audi benigne Conditor.*

THOU loving Maker of mankind,  
Before thy throne we pray and w  
Oh, strengthen us with grace divine  
Duly this sacred Lent to keep.

urcher of hearts! Thou dost our ills  
Discern, and all our weakness know:  
ain to Thee with tears we turn;  
Again to us thy mercy show.

sh have we sinn'd; but we confess  
ur guilt, and all our faults deplore:  
for the praise of thy great Name,  
ur fainting souls to health restore!

l grant us, while by fasts we strive  
his mortal body to control,  
fast from all the food of sin,  
And so to purify the soul.

ear us, O Trinity thrice blest!  
Sole Unity! to Thee we cry:  
ouchsafe us from these fasts below  
To reap immortal fruit on high.

---

---

MATINS.

*Ex more detti mystice.*

Now with the slow-revolving year,  
Again the Fast we greet ;  
Which in its mystic circle moves  
Of forty days complete.

That Fast; by Law and Prophets taught  
By Jesus Christ restored ;  
Jesus, of seasons and of times  
The Maker and the Lord.

Henceforth more sparing let us be  
Of food, of words, of sleep ;  
Henceforth beneath a stricter guard  
The roving senses keep.

And let us shun whatever things  
Distract the careless heart ;  
And let us shut the soul against  
The tyrant Tempter's art ;

and weep before the Judge, and strive  
His vengeance to appease ;  
aying to Him with contrite voice,  
Upon our bended knees :

uch have we sinn'd, O Lord! and still  
We sin each day we live ;  
Pour thy pity from on high,  
and of thy grace forgive.

Remember that we still are thine,  
hough of a fallen frame ;  
Take not from us in thy wrath  
he glory of thy name.

do past evil ; grant us, Lord,  
More grace to do aright ;  
may we now and ever find  
Acceptance in thy sight."

lest Trinity in Unity !  
Vouchsafe us, in thy love,  
o gather from these fasts below  
Immortal fruit above.

## LAUDS.

*O Sol salutis intima.*

THE darkness fleets, and joyful earth  
Welcomes the newborn day;  
Jesu, true Sun of human souls!  
Shed in our souls thy ray.

Thou, who dost give the accepted tir  
Give tears to purify,  
Give flames of love to burn our hea  
As victims unto Thee.

That fountain, whence our sins h  
Shall soon in tears distill,  
If but thy penitential grace  
Subdue the stubborn will.

Lo! day returns, thy own ble  
All things to joy awake;  
Oh, may we, to thy paths res  
In nature's joy partake!

Three  
fabric bend ;  
souls renew'd,  
rise ascend.

SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE NAILS  
OF CHRIST.

THE . .

*Lancea, debitas.*

appear, can duly sound  
earth?  
life-giving wound,  
I had birth.

static sleep,  
d;  
when from that wound  
ream'd.



---

And equal thanks to you, blest Nails,  
 Fast to the sacred Rood,  
 Was clench'd the sentence dooming  
 All blotted out in blood,

To Him who still preserves in highes  
 The wounds which here He bore  
 Be glory, with th' eternal Father, give  
 And Spirit evermore.

---

M A T I N S .

*Salvete Clavi et Lancea.*

HAIL, Spear and Nails! erewhile desp  
 As things of little worth ;  
 Now crimson with the blood of Chris  
 And fam'd through Heaven and

Chosen by Jewish perfidy  
 As instruments of sin,  
 God turn'd you into ministers  
 Of love and grace divine:

In several wound ye made  
Mortal frame,  
Unt, celestial gifts  
Eternal came.

Pierced with Nails and Spear,  
Knee adore;  
O Father, and with Thee,  
Evermore.

---

L A U D S .

(The same continued.)

*in ergo Christi sanguine.*

Blessed points, all bathed  
In blood, on me;  
Sins that wrought his death,  
The penalty.

My feet, my hands, my heart;  
Let drop distill  
Into my soul,  
That oils heal.

So shall my feet be slow to sin,  
Harmless my hands shall be ;  
So from my wounded heart shall eac  
Forbidden passion flee.

Thee, Jesu, pierced with Nails and S  
Let every knee adore ;  
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee  
O Spirit, evermore.

---

FRIDAY AFTER THE SECOND SUNDAY IN I

THE MOST HOLY WINDING SHEET OF  
OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

V E S P E R S .

*Gloriam sacra celebremus omnes.*

THE glories of that sacred Winding Sheet  
Let every tongue record ;  
Which from the Cross received, with hono  
The body of the Lord.

dear Memorial! on which we see,  
In bloody stains impress'd,  
In form, sublime in awful majesty,  
Of our Redeemer blest.

How doth the grievous sight of thee recall  
Those dying throes to mind,  
Which Christ, compassionating Adam's fall,  
Endured for lost mankind!

On his wounded side, his hands and feet pierced  
Mirror'd in thee appear; [through,  
On his lacerated limbs, his gory brow,  
And thorn-entangled hair.

Oh! who beholding these sad images,  
Can the big tears control?  
When check the throbs of swelling grief that rise  
Up from his inmost soul?

Jesus! my sin it was that laid Thee low,  
And through thy death I live;  
That life, which to thy sufferings I owe,  
Henceforth to Thee I give.

---

Glory to Him, who, to redeem us, bore  
Such bitter dying pains;  
Who with th' eternal Father evermore  
And Holy Spirit, reigns.

---

## M A T I N S.

*Mysterium mirabile.*

THIS day the wond'rous mystery  
Is set before our eyes,  
Of Jesus stretch'd upon the Cross  
In dying agonies.

Oh, deed of love! the Prince becom  
A Victim for his slave;  
The sinner an acquittal finds,  
The innocent a grave.

Whereof, in many a gory stain,  
The traces still are found  
O yonder Winding Sheet, which veils  
The sacred body round.

**Hail, trophies of our valiant Chief!  
Hail, proofs of triumph won  
Over the World, and Hell, and Death,  
By God's eternal Son!**

**Be these the colors under which  
From this time forth we fight,  
Against the depths of Satan's guile,  
And all the powers of night.**

**So, dead to our old life, may we  
A better life begin;  
And through the Cross of Christ at length  
His Heavenly crown attain.**

**Father of mercies! hear our cry;  
Hear us, coequal Son!  
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost  
While ceaseless ages run.**

---

## L A U D S .

*Jesu dulcis amor meus.*

JESU! as though Thyself wert here,  
I draw in trembling sorrow near ;  
And hanging o'er thy form divine,  
Kneel down to kiss these wounds of thir

Ah me, how naked art Thou laid !  
Bloodstain'd, distended, cold, and dead !  
Joy of my soul—my Saviour sweet,  
Upon this sacred Winding Sheet !

Hail, awful brow ! hail, thorny wreath !  
Hail, countenance now pale in death !  
Whose glance but late so brightly blaze  
That Angels trembled as they gazed.

And hail to thee, my Saviour's side ;  
And hail to thee, thou wound so wide ;  
Thou wound more ruddy than the rose,  
True antidote of all our woes !

those sacred hands and feet  
so mangled! I entreat,  
O Lord, turn me not away,  
and let me here for ever stay.

---

THE PROPER OF THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE MOST HOLY FIVE WOUNDS OF OUR  
LORD JESUS CHRIST.

*Antiphons, Lauds, and Vespers, as on  
Passion-Sunday.*

---

THE PROPER OF THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD OF OUR  
LORD JESUS CHRIST.

V E S P E R S .

*Antiphona: *tivis resonent compita vocibus.**

At the long procession stream,  
Through the streets in order wend;  
A bright waving line of torches gleam,  
And the solemn chant ascend.



While we, with tears and sighs profound,  
That memorable Blood record,  
Which, stretch'd on his hard Cross, from man  
The dying Jesus pour'd. [wo

By the first Adam's fatal sin  
Came death upon the human race ;  
In this new Adam doth new life begin,  
And everlasting grace.

For scarce the Father heard from Heaven  
The cry of his expiring Son,  
When in that cry our sins were all forgiven,  
And boundless pardon won.

Henceforth, whoso in that dear Blood  
Washeth, shall lose his every stain ;  
And in immortal roseate beauty robed,  
An angel's likeness gain.

Only, run thou with courage on  
Straight to the goal set in the skies ;  
He, who assists thy course, will give thee so  
The everlasting prize.

Father supreme ! vouchsafe that we,  
For whom thine only Son was slain  
And whom thy Holy Ghost doth sanctify,  
May heavenly joys attain.

---

M A T I N S .

*Ira justa Conditoris.*

HE who once, in righteous vengeance,  
Whelm'd the world beneath the flood,  
Once again in mercy cleansed it  
With the stream of his own Blood,  
Coming from his throne on high  
On the painful Cross to die.

Blest with this all-saving shower,  
Earth her beauty straight resumed ;  
In the place of thorns and briars,  
Myrtles sprang, and roses bloom'd :  
Flowers surprised the desert waste,  
Wormwood lost its bitter taste.

Scorpions ceased; the slimy serpent  
Laid his deadly poison by;  
Savage beasts of cruel instinct  
Lost their wild ferocity;  
Welcoming the gentle reign  
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

Oh, the wisdom of th' Eternal!  
Oh, its depth, and height divine!  
Oh, the sweetness of that mercy  
Which in Jesus Christ doth shine!  
The guilty slave was doom'd to die—  
The good King pays the penalty.

When before the Judge we tremble,  
Conscious of his broken laws,  
May this Blood, in that dread hour,  
Cry aloud, and plead our cause:  
Bid our guilty terrors cease,  
Be our pardon and our peace.

Prince and Author of salvation!  
Lord of majesty supreme!

Jesus! praise to Thee be given  
By the world Thou didst redeem;  
Who, with the Father, and the Spirit,  
Reignest in eternal merit.

---

L A U D S.

*Salvata Christi vulnera.*

HAIL wounds! which through eternal years  
The love of Jesus show;  
Hail wounds! from whence encrimson'd rills  
Of blood for ever flow.

More precious than the gems of Ind,  
Than all the stars more fair;  
Nor honeycomb, nor fragrant rose,  
Can once with you compare.

Through you is open'd to our souls  
A refuge safe and calm,  
Whither no raging enemy  
Can reach to work us harm.

---

What countless stripes did Christ receive  
Naked in Pilate's hall!  
From his torn flesh what streams of blood  
Did all around Him fall!

How doth th' ensanguined thorny crown  
That beauteous brow transpierce!  
How do the nails those hands and feet  
Contract with tortures fierce!

He bows his head, and forth at last  
His loving spirit soars;  
Yet even after death his heart  
For us its tribute pours.

Beneath the wine-press of God's wrath  
His Blood for us He drains;  
Till for Himself, O wondrous love!  
No single drop remains.

Oh, come all ye in whom are fix'd  
The deadly stains of sin!  
Come! wash in this all-saving Blood,  
And ye shall be made clean.

Praise Him, who with the Father sits  
Enthroned upon the skies ;  
Whose Blood redeems our souls from guilt,  
Whose Spirit sanctifies.

---

PASSION-SUNDAY.

VESPERS.

*Vexilla Regis prodeunt.*

FORTH comes the Standard of the King :  
All hail, thou Mystery adored !  
Hail, Cross ! on which the Life Himself  
Died, and by death our life restored.

On which our Saviour's holy side,  
Rent open with a cruel spear,  
Of blood and water pour'd a stream,  
To wash us from defilement clear.

Oh sacred Wood ! in thee fulfill'd  
Was holy David's truthful lay ;  
Which told the world, that from a Tree  
The Lord should all the nations sway.

Most royally empurpled o'er,  
How beauteously thy stem doth shine!  
How glorious was its lot to touch  
Those limbs so holy and divine!

Thrice blest, upon whose arms outstretch  
The Saviour of the world reclined;  
Balance sublime! upon whose beam  
Was weigh'd the ransom of mankind.

Hail, Cross! thou only hope of man,  
Hail on this holy Passion-day!  
To saints increase the grace they have;  
From sinners purge their guilt away.

Salvation's spring, blest Trinity,  
Be praise to Thee through earth and sk  
Thou through the Cross the victory  
Dost give; oh, also give the prize!

---

MATINS.

*Pange lingua gloriosi.*

SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory ;  
Tell his triumph far and wide ;  
Tell aloud the famous story  
Of his Body crucified ;  
How upon the Cross a Victim,  
Vanquishing in death, He died.

Eating of the Tree forbidden,  
Man had sunk in Satan's snare,  
When our pitying Creator  
Did this second Tree prepare ;  
Destined, many ages later,  
That first evil to repair.

Such the order God appointed  
When for sin He would atone ;  
To the Serpent thus opposing  
Schemes yet deeper than his own ;  
Thence the remedy procuring,  
Whence the *fatal wound* had come.



So when now at length the full  
Of the sacred time drew nigh  
Then the Son, the world's Creator  
Left his Father's throne on high  
From a Virgin's womb appearing  
Clothed in our mortality,

All within a lowly manger,  
Lo, a tender babe He lies!  
See his gentle Virgin mother  
Lull to sleep his infant cries!  
While the limbs of God Incarnate  
Round with swathing bands are

Blessing, honor everlasting,  
To the immortal Deity;  
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Equal praises ever be;  
Glory through the earth and Heav'n  
To Trinity in Unity.

---

L A U D S.

(The same continued.)

*Lustra sex qui jam peregit.*

THUS did Christ to perfect manhood  
In our mortal flesh attain :  
Then of his free choice He goeth  
To a death of bitter pain ;  
And as a lamb, upon the altar  
Of the Cross, for us is slain.

Lo, with gall his thirst he quenches !  
See the thorns upon his brow !  
Nails his tender flesh are rending !  
See, his side is open'd now !  
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,  
Streams of blood and water flow.

Lofty Tree, bend down thy branches,  
To embrace thy sacred load ;  
Oh, relax the native tension  
Of that all too rigid wood ;  
Gently, gently bear the members  
Of thy dying King and God.

Tree, which solely wast found worthy  
The world's great Victim to sustain ;  
Harbor from the raging tempest !  
Ark, that saved the world again !  
Tree, with sacred Blood anointed  
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

Blëssing, honor everlasting,  
To the immortal Deity ;  
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Equal praises ever be ;  
Glory through the earth and Heaven  
To Trinity in Unity.

---

LOW-SUNDAY, AND THROUGH EASTER TO  
ASCENSION-DAY.

V E S P E R S .

*Ad regias agni dapes.*

Now at the Lamb's high royal feast  
In robes of saintly white we sing,  
Through the Red Sea in safety brought  
By Jesus our immortal King.

re! for us He drinks  
of his agony;  
in on the Cross  
lays Him down to die.

enging Angel pass'd  
blood-besprinkled door;  
as a passage gave,  
l to whelm th' Egyptians o'er:

Paschal Sacrifice,  
t us safe all perils through;  
eaven'd bread we need  
ncere and purpose true.

ictim Heaven could find,  
of Hell to overthrow!  
chains of Death destroy;  
he prize of Life bestow.

rist! hail, risen King!  
one belongs the crown;  
heavenly gates unbarr'd,  
l the Prince of darkness down.

What wondrous pity Thee o'ercame,  
To make our guilty load thine own,  
And sinless, suffer death and shame,  
For our transgressions to atone!

Thou, bursting Hades open wide,  
Didst all the captive souls unchain;  
And thence to thy dread Father's side  
With glorious pomp ascend again.

Jesu! may pity Thee compel  
To heal the wounds of which we die;  
And take us in thy Light to dwell,  
Who for thy blissful Presence sigh.

Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal;  
Be Thou our pathway to the skies;  
Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul;  
In death our everlasting prize.

---

MATINS.

*Æternus Rex altissimus.*

O THOU eternal King most high!  
Who didst the world redeem;  
And conquering Death and Hell, receive  
A dignity supreme.

Thou, through the starry orbs, this day,  
Didst to thy throne ascend;  
Thenceforth to reign in sovereign power,  
And glory without end.

There, seated in thy majesty,  
To Thee submissive bow  
The Heaven of Heavens, the spacious earth,  
The depths of Hell below.

With trembling there the angels see  
The changed estate of men;  
The flesh which sinn'd by Flesh redeem'd;  
Man in the Godhead reign.

---

There, waiting for thy faithful souls,  
Be Thou to us, O Lord!  
Our peerless joy while here we stay,  
In Heaven our great reward.

Renew our strength ; our sins forgive ;  
Our miseries efface ;  
And lift our souls aloft to Thee,  
By thy celestial grace.

So, when Thou shinest on the clouds,  
With thy angelic train,  
May we be saved from vengeance due,  
And our lost crowns regain.

Glory to Jesus, who returns  
Triumphantly to Heaven ;  
Praise to the Father evermore,  
And Holy Ghost be given.

---

**WHIT-SUNDAY.**

**VESPERS.**

*Veni Creator Spiritus.*

**COME, O Creator Spirit blest!**  
And in our souls take up thy rest;  
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,  
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

**Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry:**  
O highest gift of God most high!  
O fount of life! O fire of love!  
And sweet Anointing from above!

**Thou in thy sevenfold gifts art known;**  
Thee Finger of God's hand we own;  
The promise of the Father Thou!  
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

**Kindle our senses from above,**  
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;  
With patience firm, and virtue high,  
The weakness of our flesh supply.



Far from us drive the foe we dread,  
And grant us thy true peace instead;  
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,  
Turn from the path of life aside.

Oh, may thy grace on us bestow,  
The Father and the Son to know,  
And Thee through endless times confess'd  
Of Both th' eternal Spirit blest.

All glory while the ages run  
Be to the Father, and the Son  
Who rose from death; the same to Thee,  
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

---

## MATINS.

*Jam Christus astra ascenderit.*

ABOVE the starry spheres,  
To where He was before,  
Christ had gone up, soon from on high  
The Father's gift to pour:

And now had fully come,  
On mystic circle borne  
Of seven times seven revolving days,  
The Pentecostal morn :

When, as the Apostles knelt  
At the third hour in prayer,  
A sudden rushing sound proclaim'd  
The God of glory near.

Forthwith a tongue of fire  
Alights on every brow ;—  
Each breast receives the Father's light  
The Word's enkindling glow.

The Holy Ghost on all  
Is mightily outpour'd ;  
Who straight in divers tongues declare  
The wonders of the Lord.

While strangers of all climes  
Flock round from far and near,  
And with amazement, each at once  
Their native accents hear.

But Judah, faithless still,  
Denies the hand divine ;  
And madly jeers the Saints of Christ,  
As drunk with new-made wine.

Till Peter in the midst  
Stood up, and spake aloud ;  
And their perfidious falsity  
By Joel's witness show'd.

Praise to the Father be !  
Praise to the Son who rose !  
Praise, Holy Paraclete, to Thee,  
While age on ages flows !

---

## L A U D S.

*Beata nobis gaudia.*

AGAIN the slowly circling year  
Brings round the blessed hour,  
When on the Saints the Comforter  
Came down in grace and power.

In fashion of a fiery tongue  
The mighty Godhead came ;  
Their lips with eloquence He strung,  
And fill'd their hearts with flame.

Straightway with divers tongues they speak,  
Instinct with grace divine ;  
While wond'ring crowds the cause mistake,  
And deem them drunk with wine.

These things were mystically wrought,—  
The Paschal time complete,  
When Israel's Law remission brought  
Of every legal debt.

God of all grace ! to Thee we pray,  
To Thee adoring bend ;  
Into our hearts this sacred day  
Thy Spirit's fullness send.

Thou, who in ages past didst pour  
Thy graces from above,—  
Thy grace in us where lost restore,  
And stablish peace and love.

---

---

All glory to the Father be ;  
 And to the Son who rose ;  
 Glory, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,  
 While age on ages flows.

---

## TRINITY-SUNDAY.

## VESPERS.

*Jam Sol recedit igneus.*

Now doth the fiery sun decline :—  
 Thou, Unity eternal ! shine ;  
 Thou, Trinity, thy blessings pour,  
 And make our hearts with love run o'er.

Thee in the hymns of morn we praise ;  
 To Thee our voice at eve we raise ;  
 Oh, grant us, with thy Saints on high,  
 Thee through all time to glorify.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,  
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;  
 As ever was in ages past,  
 And shall be so while ages last.

MATINS.

*Summe Patens clementia.*

O THOU eternal Source of love!  
Ruler of nature's scheme!  
In Substance One, in Persons Three!  
Omniscient and Supreme!

Be nigh to us when we arise;  
And, at the break of day,  
With wakening body wake the soul,  
Her meed of praise to pay.

To God the Father glory be,  
And to his only Son;  
The same, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,  
While ceaseless ages run.

---

LAUDS.

*Te Trinitatis Unitas.*

O THOU! who dost all nature sway,  
Dread Trinity in Unity!  
Accept the trembling praise we pour  
To thy eternal Majesty.

The star that heralds in the morn  
Is slowly fading in the skies ;  
The darkness melts ;—O Thou true light  
Upon our darken'd souls arise.

To God the Father glory be,  
And to his sole-begotten Son ;  
The same, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,  
While everlasting ages run.

---

## FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI

## VESPERS.

*Pange lingua gloriosi.*

SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,  
Of his Flesh the mystery sing ;  
Of the Blood, all price exceeding,  
Shed by our immortal King,  
Destined, for the world's redemption,  
From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless Virgin  
Born for us on earth below,  
He, as Man with man conversing,  
Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow ;  
Then He closed in solemn order  
Wondrously his life of woe.

On the night of that Last Supper,  
Seated with his chosen band,  
He the Paschal victim eating,  
First fulfills the Law's command ;  
Then, as Food to all his brethren  
Gives Himself with his own hand.

Word made Flesh, the bread of nature  
By his word to Flesh He turns ;  
Wine into his Blood He changes :—  
What though sense no change discerns ?  
Only be the heart in earnest,  
Faith her lesson quickly learns.

[Tantum ergo sacramentum.]

Down in adoration falling,  
Lo ! the sacred Host we hail ;



Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,  
 Newer rites of grace prevail;  
 Faith, for all defects supplying,  
 Where the feeble senses fail.

To the Everlasting Father,  
 And the Son who reigns on high  
 With the Holy Ghost proceeding  
 Forth from Each eternally,  
 Be salvation, honor, blessing,  
 Might, and endless majesty.

## M A T I N S.

*Sacris solemnis junctis sint gaudia.*

LET us with hearts renew'd,  
 Our grateful homage pay;  
 And welcome with triumphant song  
 This ever-blessed day.

Upon this hallow'd night  
 Christ with his brethren ste,  
 Obedient to the olden law;  
 The Pasch before Him set.

Which done,—Himself entire,  
The true Incarnate God,  
Alike on each, alike on all,  
His sacred hands bestow'd.

He gave his Flesh; He gave  
His precious Blood; and said,  
“Receive, and drink ye all of this,  
For your salvation shed.”

Thus did the Lord appoint  
This Sacrifice sublime,  
And made his Priests its ministers  
Through all the bounds of time.

Farewell to types! Henceforth  
We feed on Angels' food:  
The guilty slave—oh, wonder!—eats  
The Body of his God!

O Blessed Three in One!  
Visit our hearts, we pray;  
And lead us on through thine own paths  
To thy eternal Day.



# SACRED YEAR.

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## HYMNS FROM THE BREVIARY.

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### III.

#### HYMNS BELONGING TO THE PROPER OF SAINTS.

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##### ST. PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME.

January 18.

##### VESPERS AND MATINS.

*Quodcumque in orbe nexibus revinzeris.*

PETER, whatever thou shalt bind on earth,  
The same is bound above the starry sky;  
What here thy delegated power doth loose,  
Is loosed in Heaven's great citadel on high;  
'o judgment shalt thou come, when the world's  
end is nigh.

Praise to the Father through all ages  
The same to Thee, O coeternal Son  
And Holy Ghost, One glorious Trinity  
To whom all majesty and might be  
So sing we now, and such be our eterna

---

## L A U D S .

*Beate Pastor Petre clemens accipe.*

PETER, blest Shepherd! hear our piteou  
And with a word unloose our guilty c  
Thou! who hast power to ope the gates  
To mortal man, and power to shut t  
again.

Praise, blessing, majesty, through endles  
Be to the Trinity immortal given ;  
Who in pure Unity profoundly sways  
Eternally alike all things in earth and

---

CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE.

January 25.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

*Egregio doctor Paulo moros iustras.*

LEAD us, great teacher Paul, in wisdom's ways,  
And lift our hearts with thine to Heaven's high  
throne;

Till Faith beholds the clear meridian blaze,  
And sunlike in the soul reigns Charity alone.

Praise, blessing, majesty, through endless days,  
Be to the Trinity immortal given;  
Who in pure Unity profoundly aways  
Eternally all things alike in earth and Heaven.

---

## ST. MARTINA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR.

January 30.

## VESPERS.

*Martine celebri plaudite nomini.*

LIFT to the skies, great Rome, Martina's name  
Her praises celebrate with glad accord;  
Martina, high in merit, Virgin blest,  
And martyr of her Lord.

Beauty and youth, the joys of happy home,  
Ancestral palaces, and noble birth;  
All these were hers,—all these, for Jesu's sake  
She counted nothing worth.

Her wealth she shared among the poor of Cl  
Content with seeking better wealth above;  
Herself she gave to her immortal King,  
Too happy in his love.

Expel false worldly joys; and fill us, Lord,  
With thy irradiating beam divine;  
Who with thy suffering martyrs present art  
Great Godhead one and trine.

M A T I N S.

(The same continued.)

*Non illam crucians ungula non fera.*

THE agonizing hooks, the rending scourge,  
Shook not the dauntless spirit in her breast ;  
With torments rack'd, she tastes from angel hands  
A sweet celestial feast.

In vain they cast her to the ravening beasts ;  
Calm at her feet the lion crouches down :  
Smit by the sword, at length she passes on  
To her immortal crown.

Now with the Saints, Martina sits in bliss ;  
To her the Church below its tribute pours,  
And from her consecrated altars, prayer  
With odorous incense soars.

---



## L A U D S .

(The same continued.)

*Tu natale solum protege, tu bona.*

PROTECT thy native land, O Spirit blest!  
And give to Christendom sweet days of peace  
Cause the shrill trumpet, and the shock of war  
Amid her realms to cease.

And gathering her kings beneath the Cross  
Regain Jerusalem from its proud foe;  
Avenge the guiltless blood; and with thine arm  
The hostile strength o'erthrow.

O Pillar and defence of thine own Rome!  
Her boast, her crown, her glory, and her power  
Accept the fervent worship which to Thee  
With solemn rite she pays.

Expel false worldly joys, and fill us, Lord,  
With thy irradiating beam divine;  
Who with thy suffering martyrs present art  
Great Godhead one and trine.

**ST. GABRIEL THE ARCHANGEL.**

March 12.

**VESPERS AND MATINS.**

*Christe, sanctorum decus angelorum.*

O CHRIST! the beauty of the angel worlds!  
Of man the Maker and Redeemer blest!  
Grant us one day to mount the path of light,  
And in thy glory rest.

Angel of Peace! thou, Michael, from above,  
Come down, amid the homes of man to dwell;  
And banish wars, with all their tears and blood,  
Back to their native Hell.

Angel of Strength! thou, Gabriel, cast out  
Thine ancient foes, usurpers of thy reign;  
The temples of thy triumph round the globe  
Revisit once again.

And Raphael, Physician of the soul,—  
Let him descend from his pure halls of light,  
To heal the sick, and guide each doubtful course  
Through all our life aright.

Thou too, O Virgin, with the angel choir  
Mother of Light, and Queen of Peace! d  
And bring with thee the radiant Court of  
Thy children to befriend.

This grace on us bestow, O Father bless  
And thou, O Son by an eternal birth:  
With Thee, from both proceeding, Holy  
Whose glory fills the earth.

---

· ST. JOSEPH, SPOUSE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

March 19.

VESPERS.

*To Joseph celebrant agmina caelitum.*

JOSEPH, pure Spouse of that immortal I  
Who shines in ever-virgin glory bright,  
Thy praise let all the earth re-echoing  
Back to the realms of light.

when sore doubts of thine affianced wife  
l'd thy righteous spirit with dismay,  
angel visited, and, with blest words,  
scatter'd thy fears away.

arms embraced thy Maker newly born ;  
Him to Egypt's desert didst thou flee ;  
in Jerusalem didst seek and find ;  
Oh, day of joy to thee !

until after death their blissful crown  
they obtain ; but unto thee was given,  
in their own lifetime to enjoy thy God,  
and as do the blest in Heaven.

Oh, us, great Trinity, for Joseph's sake,  
grant us sights of immortality to gain ;  
and with glad tongues, thy praise to celebrate  
in one eternal strain.

---

## M A T I N S .

*Cultum Joseph decus atque nostra.*

JOSEPH! our certain hope of life!  
Glory of earth and Heaven!  
Thou Pillar of the world! to thee  
Be praise eternal given.

Thee, as Salvation's minister,  
The mighty Maker chose;  
As Foster-father of the Word;  
As Mary's spotless Spouse.

With joy thou sawest Him new born  
Of whom the Prophets sang;  
Him in a manger didst adore,  
From whom Creation sprang.

The Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
Ruler of sky and sea,  
Whom Heaven, and Earth, and Hell  
Was subject unto thee.

Blest Trinity! vouchsafe to us,  
Through Joseph's merits high,  
To mount the Heavenly seats, and reign  
With him eternally.

---

L A U D S .

*Iste quem laeti colimus fideles.*

SHIP' D throughout the Church to earth's  
far ends

ith prayer and solemn rite,  
h this day triumphantly ascends  
o the realms of light.

lest beyond the lot of mortal men ;  
er whose last dying sigh,  
t and the Virgin watch'd with looks serene,  
othing his agony.

ed from his fleshy chain, gently he fleets  
in calm sleep away ;  
diadem'd with light, enters the seats  
everlasting day.

---

There throned in power, let us his loving ai  
With fervent prayers implore ;  
So may he gain us pardon in our need,  
And peace for evermore.

Glory and praise to Thee, blest Trinity !  
Who hast to Joseph given  
A crown of gold, which he eternally  
Wears in the courts of Heaven.

---

## FRIDAY AFTER PASSION-SUNDAY.

FEAST OF THE SEVEN DOLOURS OF THE BLESSED  
VIRGIN MARY.

VESPERS.

*Stabat Mater dolerosa.*

At the Cross her station keeping,  
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,  
Close to Jesus to the last :

---

**Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,  
All his bitter anguish bearing,  
Now at length the sword had pass'd.**

**Oh, how sad and sore distress'd  
Was that Mother highly blest  
Of the sole-begotten One!  
Christ above in torment hangs;  
She beneath beholds the pangs  
Of her dying glorious Son.**

**Is there one who would not weep,  
Whelm'd in miseries so deep  
Christ's dear Mother to behold?  
Can the human heart refrain  
From partaking in her pain,  
In that Mother's pain untold?**

**Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,  
She beheld her tender Child  
All with bloody scourges rent;  
For the sins of his own nation,  
Saw Him hang in desolation,  
Till his Spirit forth He sent.**



---

O thou Mother! fount of love!  
Touch my spirit from above.

Make my heart with thine accord:  
Make me feel as thou hast felt;  
Make my soul to glow and melt  
With the love of Christ my Lord.

---

## M A T I N S .

(The same continued.)

*Sancta Mater istud agas.*

HOLY Mother! pierce me through;  
In my heart each wound renew  
Of my Saviour crucified:  
Let me share with thee His pain,  
Who for all my sins was slain,  
Who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,  
Mourning Him who mourn'd for me,  
All the days that I may live:

By the Cross with thee to stay ;  
There with thee to weep and pray ;  
Is all I ask of thee to give.

---

L A U D S .

(The same continued.)

*Virgo virginum preclara.*

VIRGIN of all virgins best !  
Listen to my fond request :  
Let me share thy grief divine ;  
Let me, to my latest breath,  
In my body bear the death  
Of that dying Son of thine.

Wounded with his every wound,  
Steep my soul till it hath swoon'd  
In his very blood away ;  
Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,  
Lest in flames I burn and die,  
In his awful Judgment day.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,  
Be thy Mother my defence,  
Be thy Cross my victory ;  
While my body here decays,  
May my soul thy goodness praise,  
Safe in Paradise with Thee.

---

ST. HERMENEGILD, MARTYR.

April 13.

VESPERS AND LAUDS.

*Regali solio fortis Iberia.*

GLORY of Iberia's throne !  
Joy of Martyr'd Saints above !  
Who the crown of life have won,  
Dying for their Saviour's love :

What intrepid faith was thine !  
What unswerving constancy !  
Bent to do the will divine  
With exact fidelity !

**Every rising motion check'd  
Which might lead thy heart astray ;  
How thou didst thy course direct  
Whither virtue show'd the way !**

**Honor, glory, majesty,  
To the Father and the Son,  
With the Holy Spirit be,  
While eternal ages run.**

---

**M A T I N S .**

**(The same continued.)**

*Nullis te gentior blanditiis trahit.*

**FROM the Truth thy soul to turn,  
Pleads a father's voice in vain ;  
Nought to thee were jewell'd crown,  
Earthly pleasure, earthly gain.**

**Angry threat and naked sword  
Daunted not thy courage high ;—  
Choosing glory with the Lord,  
Rather than a present joy.**

---

---

Now amid the Saints in light,  
 Throned in bliss for evermore;—  
 Oh! from thy eternal height,  
 Hear the solemn prayer we pour.

Honor, glory, majesty,  
 To the Father and the Son,  
 With the Holy Spirit be,  
 While eternal ages run.

---

**THE APPARITION OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL**

May 8.

**VESPERS AND MATINS.**

*To splendor et virtus Patrie.*

O JESU! life-spring of the soul!  
 The Father's Power, and Glory bright!  
 Thee with the Angels we extol;  
 From Thee they draw their life and light

and thousand hosts are spread,  
led o'er the azure sky ;  
el bears thy standard dread,  
s the mighty Cross on high.

Sign the rebel powers  
h their Dragon Prince expel ;  
l them from the Heaven's high towers,  
ke a thunderbolt to hell.

with Michael still, O Lord,  
the Prince of Pride to fight ;  
crown be our reward,  
he Lamb's pure throne of light.

e Father, and the Son,  
se from death, all glory be ;  
e, O holy Comforter,  
rth through all eternity.

[IN THE OCTAVE OF THE ASCENSION.]

esus, who returns  
triumphant to the sky,  
e, O Father, and with Thee,  
Ghost, eternally.

## ST. VENANTIUS, MARTYR -

May 18.

## VESPERS.

*Martyr Dei Venantius.*

UNCONQUER'D Martyr of his God!  
His country's light, her joy and prize  
Venantius triumphs o'er his judge,  
And in victorious torment dies.

A boy in years,—when chains nor scout  
Nor dungeon could his soul subdue  
To lions with long hunger fierce  
At last the tender youth they threw.

But oh, what power hath innocence  
The fiercest nature to assuage!  
The lions crouch to lick his feet,  
Forget their hunger and their rage.

Then downwards held in thickest smog  
They make him drink the stifling str  
While underneath slow torches sear  
His naked breast and side with flame

•

To Thee, O Father, with the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, glory be ;  
Oh, grant us, through thy Martyr's prayer,  
The joys of immortality.

---

MATINS.

*Athleta Christi nobilis.*

NOBLE Champion of the Lord !  
Arm'd against idolatry !  
In thy fervent zeal for God,  
Death had naught of fear for thee.

Bound with thongs, thy youthful form  
Down the rugged steep they tear ;  
Jagged rock and rending thorn  
All thy tender flesh lay bare.

Spent with toil, the savage crew  
Fainting sinks with deadly thirst ;—  
Thou the Cross dost sign ; and lo !  
From the rock the waters burst.



---

Saintly Warrior Prince! who thus  
 Thy tormentors couldst forgive;—  
 Pour the dew of grace on us,  
 Bid our fainting spirits live.

Praise to Thee, dread Trinity,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit blest!  
 Through thy Martyr's prayer may we  
 Joys of life eternal taste.

---

L A U D S .

*Dum nocte pulsa Lucifer.*

THE golden star of morn  
 Is climbing in the sky;  
 The birth-day of Venantius  
 Awakes the Church to joy.

His native land in depths  
 Of Pagan darkness lay;  
 He o'er her guilty regions pour'd  
 The light of Heavenly day.

Her in baptismal streams  
Of grace he purified ;  
E'en those, who came to take his life,  
With him as martyrs died.

With Angels now he shares  
Those joys which never cease—  
Look down on us, O Spirit blest,  
And send us gifts of peace.

Praise to the Father, Son,  
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee !  
Oh, grant us through thy Martyr's prayer  
A blest eternity.

**THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, THE HELP OF  
CHRISTIANS.****May 24.****VESPERS AND MATINS.**  
●*Sape dum Christi populus.*

OFTTIMES, when hemm'd around by hostile arms,  
The Christian people lay all sore dismay'd,  
From Heaven hath come the Virgin gliding down  
To lend her loving aid.

So speak the monuments of olden time,  
And temples which all bright with spoils appear,  
So speak the Festivals in her sweet praise,  
Returning year by year.

Now for new mercies a new song we pour,  
To Mary lifting high our grateful voice ;  
Now let all Rome with shouts triumphant ring  
And the wide world rejoice.

ppy day! on which Saint Peter's Throne  
ed the Faith's great Ruler back again;  
ing from his banishment in peace,  
er Christendom to reign.

ths and virgins, priests and people all!  
ut your grateful hearts on this glad day,  
g with all your strength, to Heaven's high  
er well-earn'd praise to pay. [Queen,

of Virgins! Jesu's Mother blest!  
t another mercy to the past;  
ant our Pastor all his flock to lead  
fe into Heaven at last.

se, blest Trinity, be endless praise,  
g, and majesty, and glory due;  
se may we our hearts and voices raise,  
ernal ages through.

---

## L A U D S.

*To Redemptoris Dominicus nostri.*

**MOTHER of our Lord and Saviour!  
First in beauty as in power!  
Glory of the Christian nations!  
Ready help in trouble's hour!**

**Though the gates of Hell against us  
With profoundest fury rage;  
Though the ancient foe assault us,  
And his fiercest battle wage;**

**Naught can hurt the pure in spirit,  
Who upon thine aid rely;  
At thy hand secure of gaining  
Strength and mercy from on high.**

**Safe beneath thy mighty shelter,—  
Though a thousand hosts combine,  
All must fall or flee before us,  
Scatter'd by an arm divine.**

**M A T I N S.**

**WE** ring the seat of Mary's love,  
That Heart, to bless which, Heaven above  
And earth below, alike rejoice ;  
Come, Jesus, aid our feeble voice.

What dearer gift does God impart,  
Than Mary's sweet and virgin Heart ?  
What nobler object of our love  
In earth below, or Heaven above ?

Through that pure Heart, where thou didst  
    dwell,  
That Heart that loved thy own so well,  
May all, their meed of homage send  
To thee, for ages without end.

---

**L A U D S.**

**TEMPLE** of Him who made all things ;  
Bright Palace of the King of kings ;  
Altar of Peace ; Mysterious Plant ;  
Ark of the Christian covenant.

## ST. JULIANA FALCONIERI, VIRGIN.

June 19.

## VESPERS AND MATINS.

*Oratio Agni nuptias.*

To be the Lamb's celestial bride  
Is Juliana's one desire ;  
For this she quits her father's home,  
And leads the sacred virgin choir.

By day, by night, she mourns her Spouse  
Nail'd to the Cross, with ceaseless tears  
Till in herself, through very grief,  
The image of that Spouse appears.

Like Him, all wounds, she kneels transfix'd  
Before the Virgin Mother's shrine ;  
And still the more she weeps, the more  
Mounts up the flame of love divina.

O that mournful Virgin Mother!  
See her tears how fast they flow  
Down upon his mangled body,  
Wounded side, and thorny brow;  
While his hands and feet she kisses,—  
Picture of immortal woe!

Oft and oft his arms and bosom  
Fondly straining to her own;  
Oft her pallid lips imprinting  
On each wound of her dear Son;  
Till at last, in swoons of anguish,  
Sense and consciousness are gone.

Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,  
By thy tears and trouble sore;  
By the death of thy dear Offspring;  
By the bloody wounds He bore;  
Touch our hearts with that true sorrow  
Which afflicted thee of yore.

To the Father everlasting,  
And the Son, who reigns on high,

---



Oh, lot sublime! an Angel quits the  
Thy birth, thy name, thy glory to de  
Unto thy priestly sire; while to the  
He offers Israel's prayer.

Mistrustful of the promise from on h  
His speech forsakes him at the angel  
But thou on thine eighth day dost re  
For him the vocal chord.

No marvel; since yet cloister'd in the  
The presence of thy King had thee in  
What time Elizabeth and Mary sang,  
With joy prophetic fired.

Immortal glory to the Father be,  
With his Almighty sole-begotten Son  
And Thee, coequal Spirit, One in Th  
While endless ages run.

---

MATINS.

(The same continued.)

*Entre deserti tunicis sub anath.*

In caves of the lone wilderness thy youth  
Thou hiddest, shunning the rude throng of men,  
And guarding the pure treasure of thy soul  
From the least touch of sin.

There to thy sacred limbs the camel gave  
A garment coarse; the rock a bed supplied;  
The stream thy thirst; locusts and honey wild  
Thy hunger satisfied.

Oh, blest beyond the Prophets of old time!  
They of the Saviour sang that was to be:  
Him present to announce, and shew to all,  
Was granted but to thee.

Through the wide earth was never mortal man  
Born holier than John; to whom was given  
The guilty world's Baptizer to baptize,  
And ope the door of Heaven.

---

Immortal glory to the Father be,  
With his Almighty sole-begotten Son,  
And Thee, coequal Spirit, one in Three,  
While endless ages run.

---

## L A U D S .

*O nimis felix meritique colsi.*

O BLESSED Saint, of snow-white purity!  
Dweller in wastes forlorn!  
O mightiest of the Martyr host on high!  
Greatest of Prophets born!

Of all the diadems that on the brows  
Of Saints in glory shine,  
Not one with brighter, purer halo glows,  
In Heaven's high Court, than thine.

Oh! upon us thy tender, pitying gaze  
Cast down from thy dread throne;  
Straighten our crooked, smooth our rugged w  
And break our hearts of stone.

So may the world's Redeemer find us meet  
To offer Him a place,  
Where He may set his ever-blessed feet,  
Coming with gifts of grace.

Praise in the Heavens to Thee, O First and Last,  
The True eternal God!  
Spare, Jesu, spare thy people, whom Thou hast  
Redeem'd with thine own blood.

---

SS. PETER AND PAUL THE APOSTLES.

June 29.

VESPERS.

*Decora lux aeternitatis aurore.*

BATHED in eternity's all-beauteous beam,  
And opening into Heaven a path sublime,  
Welcome the golden day! which heralds in  
The Apostolic Chiefs, whose glory fills all time!

## LAUDS.

*Æternus Rector siderum.*

**RULER** of the dread immense!  
**Maker** of this mighty frame!  
**Whose** eternal Providence  
**Governs** and upholds the same!

**Low** before thy face we bend;  
**Hear** our supplicating cries;  
**And** thy light eternal send,  
**With** the freshly dawning skies.

**King** of kings! and Lord most high  
**This** of thy dear love we pray,—  
**May** thy Guardian Angel nigh  
**Keep** us from all sin this day.

**May** he crush the deadly wiles  
**Of** the envious Serpent's art,  
**Ever** spreading cunning toils  
**Round** about the thoughtless ha

**May he scatter ruthless war,  
Ere to this our shore it come ;  
Plague and famine drive afar ;  
Fix securely peace at home.**

**Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Everlasting Trinity !  
Guard, by thy Angelic host,  
Us, who put our trust in Thee.**

---

**FEAST OF THE MATERNITY OF THE BLESSED  
VIRGIN MARY.**

**Second Sunday\* in October.**

**M A T I N S.**

*Credo Redemptor protulit.*

**THE Saviour left high Heaven to dwell  
Within the Virgin's womb ;  
And there array'd Himself in flesh,  
Our Victim to become.**

She unto us divinely bore  
Salvation's King and God ;  
Who died for us upon the Cross,  
Who saves us in his blood :

She too our joyful hope shall be,  
And drive away all fears ;  
Offering for us to her dear Son  
Our contrite sighs and tears.

That Son—He hears his Mother's  
And grants, ere it be said ;  
Be ours to love her, and invoke  
In every strait her aid.

All glory to the Trinity,  
While endless times proceed ;  
Who in that bosom pure of stain  
Sow'd such immortal seed.

---

LAUDS.

*To Mater alme Numinis.*

MOTHER of Almighty God!  
Suppliant at thy feet we pray;  
Shelter us from Satan's fraud,  
Safe beneath thy wing this day.

'Twas by reason of our Fall,  
In our first Forefather's crime,  
That the mighty Lord of all  
Raised thee to thy rank sublime.

Oh! then upon Adam's race  
Look thou with a pitying eye;  
And entreat of Jesus grace,  
Till He lay his anger by.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,  
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!  
With the Father and the Spirit,  
While eternal ages run.



FEAST OF THE PURITY OF THE BLESSED  
VIRGIN MARY.

Third Sunday in October.

V E S P E R S .

*Præclara custos virginum.*

BLEST Guardian of all virgin souls !  
Portal of bliss to man forgiven !  
Pure Mother of Almighty God !  
Thou hope of earth, and joy of Heaven !

Fair Lily, found amid the thorns !  
Most beauteous Dove with wings of gold  
Rod from whose tender root there sprang  
That healing Flower long since foretold !

Thou Tower, against the dragon proof !  
Thou Star, to storm-toss'd voyagers dear  
Our course lies o'er a treacherous deep ;  
Thine be the light by which we steer.

tter the mists that round us hang ;  
leep far the fatal shoals away ;  
l while through darkling waves we sweep,  
pen a path to life and day.

esu, born of Virgin bright !  
nmortal glory be to Thee ;  
se to the Father infinite,  
nd Holy Ghost eternally.

---

M A T I N S .

*O stella Jacob fulgida.*

STAR of Jacob, ever beaming  
With a radiance all divine !  
Mid the stars of highest Heaven  
Glows no purer ray than thine.

All in stoles of snowy brightness,  
Unto thee the Angels sing ;  
Unto thee the virgin choirs,—  
Mother of th' eternal King !

Joyful in thy path they scatter  
Roses white and lilies fair;  
Yet with thy chaste bosom's whiteness  
Rose nor lily may compare.

Oh! that this low earth of ours,  
Answering th' angelic strain,  
With thy praises might re-echo,  
Till the Heavens replied again.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,  
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!  
With the Father and the Spirit,  
While eternal ages run.

---

ST. TERESA, VIRGIN.

October 15.

VESPERS AND LAUDS.

*Regis cœlestis matris.*

BLEST messenger of Heaven! thou didst  
Thy home in childhood leave;  
Intending to barbaric lands  
Christ or thy blood to give.

But thee a sweeter death awaits;  
A nobler fate is thine;  
Pierced with a thousand heavenly darts,  
To die of love divine.

Victim of perfect charity!  
Our souls with love inspire;  
And save the nations of thy charge  
From everlasting fire.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, be;  
Praise to the blessed Three in One,  
Through all eternity.

## M A T I N S

*Hæc est dies qua candida.*

THIS day, beneath the form  
Of a pure snow-white dove,  
Teresa's spirit wing'd its flight  
Into the realms above ;

And heard the Bridegroom's voice,—  
“ Sister from Carmel come ;  
Come to the marriage of the Lamb,  
To thy eternal home.”

Spouse of the Virgin choir !  
Let all the blest adore  
Thee, Jesu ! and in nuptial songs  
Exalt Thee evermore.

---

ST. JOHN BAPTIST, CONFESSOR.

October 29.

VESPERS.

*Gentle Polonia gloria.*

O glory and high boast  
Of Poland's ancient race!  
True father of thy fatherland!  
Blest minister of grace!

'Twas thine the law of God  
To teach, and to obey;  
Oh, may we ever walk therein;  
Nor from its precepts stray!

Th' Apostles' shrines thou didst  
Visit in pilgrim guise;  
Oh, guide us to our home above,  
Safe from all enemies!

---

Thou to Jerusalem  
 Didst go for love, and there  
 The traces of thy Lord adore,  
 And wash with many a tear.

Oh, may his blessed wounds  
 Deep in our hearts remain!  
 Through them may we the glorious  
 Of life eternal gain!

Dread Trinity, to Thee  
 Let the world's fabric bend;  
 While evermore, from hearts renew  
 New hymns of praise ascend.

---

M A T I N S .

*Corpus domas jejuniis.*

Thy body with long fastings worn  
 Thy flesh with cruel scourgings torn  
 'Twas thine to live, O blessed Saint  
 A pure and spotless penitent.

Oh, may we follow after thee,  
And imitate thy purity!  
And by the Spirit strive to tame  
The passions of this mortal frame!

Thou to the poor in winter's snow  
Oft thy own raiment didst bestow;  
By hunger or by thirst oppress'd,  
They flew to thy parental breast.

O thou, who none didst e'er deny  
Of those who sought thy charity,  
Thy native land from harm defend,  
And peace on all her borders send!

Praise to the Father, with the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;  
Jesu, through thy dear servant's prayer,  
May we thy joys eternal share.

---



## L A U D S .

*To deprecants corporum.*

**SAINT** of sweetest majesty!  
What a potent voice is thine!  
At thy prayer diseases fly;  
Fading health revives again.

Oft with wasting fever wan,  
Ling'ring at their latest breath,  
Dying men by thee are drawn  
From the very jaws of death.

Oft the shipwreck'd merchandise,  
Sunk beneath the raging flood,  
At thy prayer is seen to rise,  
By the glorious might of God.

Oh, by thy surpassing power!  
By thy joys celestial!  
Help us in affliction's hour;  
Hear us when on thee we call.

Everlasting Three in One!  
Ever-blessed One in Three!  
Grant us through thy Saint the boon  
Of a glad eternity.

---

FEAST OF ST. RAPHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

October 29.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

*Thy Christ's splendor Patrie.*

JESU, brightness of the Father!  
Life and strength of all who live!  
In the presence of the Angels,  
Glory to thy name we give;  
And thy wondrous praise rehearse,  
Singing in alternate verse.

Hail, too, ye angelic powers!  
Hail, ye thrones celestial!  
Hail, Physician of Salvation!  
Guide of life, blest Raphael!  
Who, the Foe of all mankind  
Didst in links of iron bind.

Oh, may Christ, by thy protectiv  
Shelter us from harm this day  
Keep us pure in flesh and spirit  
Save us from the enemy ;  
And vouchsafe us, of his grace,  
In his Paradise a place.

Glory to th' Almighty Father,  
Sing we now in anthems awe  
Glory to the great Redeemer ;  
Glory to the Paraclete  
Three in One, and One in Three  
Throughout all eternity.

---

## L A U D S .

*Christe, sanctorum decus angelorum.*

O CHRIST, the glory of the Angel choir  
Author and Ruler of the human race !  
Grant us one day to mount the path of.]  
And see in bliss thy face.

And oh, thy Raphael, physician blest,  
Send down to us from yon celestial height,  
To heal our souls' diseases, and to guide  
Our course through life aright.

Thou too, O Mary, Mother of our God!  
With all the bright angelic host descend,  
And bring with thee th' Assembly of the Saints,  
Thy children to befriend.

This grace on us bestow, O Father blest,  
And Thou, O Son by an eternal birth;  
With Thee, from both proceeding, Holy Ghost!  
Whose glory fills the earth.

---

FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

November 1.

VESPERS AND MATINS.

*Piacere, Christe, servulis.*

O CHRIST, thy guilty people spare!  
Lo, kneeling at thy gracious throne,  
Thy Virgin Mother pours her prayer,  
Imploring pardon for her own.

Ye Angels, happy evermore!  
Who in your circles nine ascend,  
As ye have guarded us before,  
So still from harm our steps defend

Ye Prophets and Apostles high!  
Behold our penitential tears;  
And plead for us when death is nigh  
And our all-searching Judge appease

Ye Martyrs all! a purple band,  
And Confessors, a white-robed train  
Oh, call us to our native land,  
From this our exile, back again.

And ye, O choirs of Virgins chaste!  
Receive us to your seats on high;  
With Hermits whom the desert waste  
Sent up of old into the sky.

Drive from the flock, O Spirits blest!  
The false and faithless race away;  
That all within one fold may rest,  
Secure beneath one Shepherd's sway

**Sacred Year.**

---

**HYMNS FROM THE BREVIARY.**

---

**IV.**

**HYMNS BELONGING TO THE COMMON OF  
SAINTS.**

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---

**SACRED YEAR.**

---

**ANS FROM THE BREVIARY.**

---

**IV.**

**; BELONGING TO THE COMMON OF  
SAINTS.**

---

**NS ON THE FESTIVALS OF THE BLESSED  
EGIN MARY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.**

**V E S P E R S .**

*Ave maris stella.*

**GENTLE Star of ocean!  
Portal of the sky!  
Ever Virgin Mother  
Of the Lord most High!**

---



Oh! by Gabriel's Ave,  
Utter'd long ago,  
Eva's name reversing;  
Stablish peace below.

Break the captive's fetters;  
Light on blindness pour;  
All our ills expelling,  
Every bliss implore.

Show thyself a Mother;  
Offer Him our sighs,  
Who for us Incarnate  
Did not thee despise.

Virgin of all Virgins!  
To thy shelter take us;  
Gentlest of the gentle!  
Chaste and gentle make us.

Still as on we journey,  
Help our weak endeavor;  
Till with thee and Jesus  
We rejoice for ever.

**Through the highest Heaven,  
To the Almighty Three,  
Father, Son, and Spirit,  
One same glory be.**

---

**M A T I N S .**

*Quem terra, pontus, sidera.*

**THE Lord, whom earth, and sea, and sky,  
With one adoring voice proclaim ;  
Who rules them all in majesty ;  
Inclos'd himself in Mary's frame.**

**Lo ! in a humble Virgin's womb,  
O'ershow'd by Almighty power ;  
He whom the stars, and sun, and moon,  
Each serve in their appointed hour.**

**O Mother blest ! to whom was given  
Within thy body to contain  
The Architect of earth and Heaven,  
Whose hands the universe sustain :**

To thee was sent an Angel down ;  
In thee the Spirit was enshrined ;  
Of thee was born that Mighty One,  
The long-desired of all mankind.

O Jesu ! born of Virgin bright,  
Immortal glory be to Thee ;  
Praise to the Father infinite,  
And Holy Ghost eternally.

---

## L A U D S .

*O gloriosa Virginum.*

O QUEEN of all the Virgin choir !  
Enthroned above the starry sky !  
Who with pure milk from thy own brea  
Thy own Creator didst supply.

What man had lost in hapless Eve,  
Thy sacred womb to man restores ;  
Thou to the wretched here beneath  
Hast open'd Heaven's eternal doors.

Hail, O refulgent Hall of light!

Hail, Gate sublime of Heaven's high King!  
Through Thee redeem'd to endless life,  
Thy praise let all the nations sing.

O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,  
Immortal glory be to Thee;  
Praise to the Father infinite,  
And Holy Ghost eternally.

---

*The above Hymns are also used in the Little Office of the blessed Virgin Mary, with the addition of the following :-*

AT TERCE, SEXT, NONE, AND COMPLINE.

*Memento rerum Conditor.*

REMEMBER, O Creator Lord!  
That in the Virgin's sacred womb  
Thou wast conceived, and of her flesh  
Didst our mortality assume.

---

Mother of grace, O Mary blest!  
To thee, sweet fount of love, we fly;  
Shield us through life, and take us hence  
To thy dear bosom when we die.

O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,  
Immortal glory be to Thee;  
Praise to the Father infinite,  
And Holy Ghost eternally.

---

COMMON OF APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.

VESPERS AND LAUDS.

*Exultet orbis gaudis.*

Now let the earth with joy resound,  
And highest Heaven re-echo round;  
Nor Heaven nor earth too high can raise  
The great Apostle's glorious praise.

O ye who, throned in glory dread,  
Shall judge the living and the dead!  
Lights of the world for evermore!  
To you the suppliant prayer we pour.

Ye close the sacred gates on high;  
At your command apart they fly:  
Oh! loose us from the guilty chain  
We strive to break, and strive in vain.

Sickness and health your voice obey;  
At your command they go or stay.  
Oh, then from sin our souls restore;  
Increase our virtues more and more.

So when the world is at its end,  
And Christ to Judgment shall descend,  
May we be call'd those joys to see  
Prepared from all eternity.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;  
As ever was in ages past,  
And shall be so while ages last.

## M A T I N S .

*Æterna Christi munera.*

THE Lord's eternal gifts,  
Th' Apostles' mighty praise,  
Their victories, and high reward,  
Sing we in joyful lays.

Lords of the churches they ;  
Triumphant Chiefs of war ;  
Brave Soldiers of the Heavenly Court ;  
True lights for evermore.

Theirs was the Saints' high Faith ;  
And quenchless Hope's pure glow ;  
And perfect Charity, which laid  
The world's fell tyrant low.

In them the Father shone ;  
In them the Son o'ercame ;  
In them the Holy Spirit wrought,  
And fill'd their hearts with flame.

To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, glory be;  
As was, and is, and shall be so,  
Through all eternity.

---

**STILES AND EVANGELISTS DURING EASTER.**

**V ESPERS AND MATINS.**

*Tristes erant Apostoli.*

Christ, by his own servants slain,  
died upon the bitter Cross,  
Apostles, of their joy bereft,  
were weeping their dear Saviour's loss :—

while, an Angel at the tomb  
holy women hath foretold,  
faithful flock shall soon with joy  
their Lord in Galilee behold."

as they run the news to bring,  
straightway Christ Himself they meet,  
radiant with heavenly light,  
and falling, clasp his sacred feet.



To Galilee's lone mountain heights  
The Apostolic band retire :  
There, blest with their dear Saviour's sight  
They taste in full their soul's desire.

O Jesu! from the death of sin  
Keep us, we pray; so shalt Thou be  
The everlasting Paschal joy  
Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

Now to the Father, and the Son,  
Who rose from death, be glory given ;  
With Thee, O holy Comforter,  
Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.

[WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE ASCENSION.]

Glory to Jesus, who returns  
In pomp triumphant to the sky,  
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee  
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

---

LAUDS.

*Paschale mundi gaudium.*

Now daily shines the sun more fair,  
Recalling that blest time,  
When Christ on his Apostles shone,  
In radiant light sublime.

They in his Body see his wounds  
Like stars divinely glow ;  
Then forth, as his true Witnesses,  
Throughout the world they go.

O Christ ! thou King most merciful !  
Our inmost hearts possess ;  
So may we with due songs of praise  
Thy name for ever bless.

Keep us, O Jesu ! from the death  
Of sin ; and deign to be  
The everlasting Paschal joy  
Of all new-born in Thee.

---

Praise to the Father, and the Son,  
 Who from the dead arose ;  
 Praise to the blessed Paraclete,  
 While age on ages flows.

---

## OF ONE MARTYR.

## VESPERS AND MATINS.

*Deus tuorum militum.*

O THOU, of all thy warriors Lord,  
 Thyself the crown, and sure reward  
 Set us from sinful fetters free,  
 Who sing thy Martyr's victory.

In selfish pleasures' worldly round  
 The taste of bitter gall he found ;  
 But sweet to him was thy blest Name  
 And thus to heavenly joys he came.

Right manfully his cross he bore,  
 And ran his race of torments sore :  
 For Thee he pour'd his life away ;  
 With Thee he lives in endless day.

We, then, before Thee bending low,  
Entreat Thee, Lord, thy love to show  
On this the day thy Martyr died,  
Who in thy Saints art glorified!

Now to the Father, and the Son,  
Be glory while the ages run;  
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee!  
Through ages of eternity.

---

LAUDS.

*Invicts Martyr unicum.*

**MARTYR** of unconquer'd might!  
Follower of th' eternal Son!  
Who, triumphant in the fight,  
Hast celestial glory won;

By the virtue of thy prayer,  
Wash our guilty stains away;  
Sin's contagion drive afar;  
Suffer not our feet to stray.

Loosen'd from the fleshly chain  
Which detain'd thee here of old  
Loose us from the bonds of sin,  
From the fetters of the world.

Glory to the Father be ;  
Glory to his only Son ;  
Glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
While eternal ages run.

---

The Common of one Martyr during Easter is the same  
above, except the Doxology, which is

Glory to th' eternal Son,  
Who from death divinely rose ;  
Glory to the Three in One,  
Long as age on ages flows.

[WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE ASCENSION

Glory to th' eternal Son,  
Who again ascends the sky ;  
Glory to the Three in One,  
Throughout all eternity.

OF MANY MARTYRS.

VESPERS.

*Sanctorum meritis inclayta gaudia.*

we the peerless deeds of martyr'd Saints,  
glorious merits, and their portion blest ;  
the conquerors the world has seen,  
The greatest and the best.

in their day th' insensate world abhorr'd,  
use they did forsake it, Lord, for Thee ;  
ing it all a barren waste, devoid  
Of fruit, or flower, or tree.

trod beneath them every threat of man,  
ame victorious all torments through ;  
ron hooks, which piecemeal tore their flesh,  
ould not their souls subdue.

ged, crucified, like sheep to slaughter led,  
urmuring they met their cruel fate ;  
onscious innocence their souls upheld,  
n patient virtue great.

By all the praise thy Saints have won ;  
By all their pains in days gone by ;  
By all the deeds which they have done ;  
Hear Thou thy suppliant people's cry

Thou dost amid thy Martyrs fight ;  
Thy Confessors Thou dost forgive ;  
May we find mercy in thy sight,  
And in thy sacred presence live.

To God the Father glory be,  
And to his sole-begotten Son ;  
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee !  
While everlasting ages run.

---

**MANY MARTYRS DURING EASTER TIME**

**VESPERS AND LAUDS.**

*Re: gloriosæ martyrum.*

above, page 259. With the following Doxology :]

Glory to the Father, and the Son,  
Who rose from death, all glory be,  
With Thee, O holy Comforter,  
Henceforth through all eternity.

---

**MATINS.**

*Christo profusum sanguinem.*

[As at page 258.]

---

**OF A CONFESSOR AND BISHOP.**

**VESPERS AND MATINS.**

*Iste Confessor Domini colentes.*

Confessor of Christ, from shore to shore  
Worshipp'd with solemn rite ;  
Joy went up with joy, his labors o'er,  
To his blest seat in light.



[If it be not the day of his death, the following is substituted.]

This day receives those honors which are his,  
High in the realms of light.

Holy and innocent were all his ways ;  
Sweet, temperate, unstain'd ;  
His life was prayer,—his every breath was praise,  
While breath to him remain'd.

Ofttimes his merits high in every land,  
In cures have been displayed ;  
And still does health return at his command  
To many a frame decay'd.

Therefore to him triumphant praise we pay,  
And yearly songs renew ;  
Praying our glorious Saint for us to pray,  
All the long ages through.

To God, of all the centre and the source,  
Be power and glory given ; [course,  
Who sways the mighty world through all its  
From the bright throne of Heaven.

**L A U D S .**

*Jesus Redemptor omnium.*

**REDEEMER** blest of all who live!  
Thy Pontiffs' endless prize!  
Upon this day thine ear incline,  
And hear us from the skies.

This day the holy Confessor  
Of thy most sacred Name,  
Honor'd with yearly festive rites,  
To heavenly glory came.

This day amid the blissful choirs  
Of Angels, he sate down;  
Receiving, for the joys he spurn'd,  
An everlasting crown.

Oh! grant us in his steps to walk;  
His holy life to live;  
And by the virtue of his prayers,  
Thy people's sins forgive.

---

Glory to Thee, all gracious Lord;  
 Praise to the Father be;  
 Praise to the Spirit Paraclete;  
 Through all eternity.

---

OF A CONFESSOR NOT A BISHOP.  
 VESPERS AND MATINS.

*Iste Confessor.*

[As at page 261.]

---

L A U D S.

*Jesu corona celsior.*

JESU! eternal Truth sublime!  
 Through endless years the same!  
 Thou crown of those, who through all tir  
 Confess thy holy Name:

Thy suppliant people, through the prayer  
 Of thy blest Saint, forgive;  
 For his dear sake thy wrath forbear,  
 And bid our spirits live.

Again returns the sacred day,  
With heavenly glory bright,  
Which saw him go upon his way  
Into the realms of light.

All objects of our vain desire,  
All earthly joys and gains,  
To him were but as filthy mire;  
And now with Thee he reigns.

Thee, Jesu, his all-gracious Lord,  
Confessing to the last,  
He trod beneath him Satan's fraud,  
And stood for ever fast.

In holy deeds of faith and love,  
In fastings and in prayers,  
His days were spent; and now above  
Thy heavenly Feast he shares.

Then, for his sake thy wrath lay by,  
And hear us while we pray;  
And pardon us, O Thou most high,  
On this his festal Day.

---

All glory to the Father be ;  
 Praise to his only Son ;  
 Praise, holy Paraclete, to Thee ;  
 While endless ages run.

---

## OF VIRGINS.

## VESPERS AND LAUDS.

*Jesus corona Virginum.*

THOU Crown of all the Virgin choir !  
 That holy Mother's Virgin Son !  
 Who is, alone of womankind,  
 Mother and Virgin both in one !

Encircled by thy Virgin band,  
 Amid the lilies Thou art found ;  
 For thy pure brides with lavish hand  
 Scattering immortal graces round.

And still, wherever thou dost bend  
 Thy lovely steps, O glorious King,  
 Virgins upon thy steps attend,  
 And hymns to thy high glory sing.

Keep us, O Purity divine,  
From every least corruption free ;  
Our every sense from sin refine,  
And purify our souls for Thee.

To God the Father, and the Son,  
All honor, glory, praise, be given ;  
With Thee, O holy Paraclete !  
Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.

---

M A T I N S .

*Virginis Proles Opifexque matris.*

O THOU thy Mother's Maker, hail !  
Hail, Virgin-born ! to Thee ;  
To-day a Virgin's death we sing  
A Virgin's victory.

O doubly blest ! to whom was given  
Martyr and Virgin too,—  
At once to triumph over death,  
And her frail sex subdue.

O'er fear, o'er thousand form  
Victorious she stood!  
And won the everlasting hei  
In streams of her own ble

Oh, through her prayers our  
All good and gracious Ki  
So purified in heart may we  
Thy praise eternal sing.

All glory to the Father be ;  
Praise to his only Son ;  
With Thee, who dost from be  
While endless ages run.

[If the Virgin be not a Martyr, the second  
are omitted, and the two last lines of  
as follows:]

Hear us, who on this day rec  
Thy Virgin's memory

---

**OF HOLY WOMEN.**

**VESPERS AND LAUDS.**

*Fortem virili pectore.*

**HIGH** let us all our voices raise,  
In that heroic woman's praise ;  
Whose name, with saintly glory bright,  
Shines in the starry realms of light.

Fill'd with a pure celestial glow,  
She spurn'd all love of things below ;  
And heedless here on earth to stay,  
Climb'd to the skies her toilsome way.

With fasts her body she subdued ;  
But fill'd her soul with prayers' sweet food ;  
In other world's she tastes the bliss,  
For which she left the joys of this.

O Christ, the strength of all the strong !  
To whom all our best deeds belong !  
Through her prevailing prayers on high,  
In mercy hear thy people's cry.



---

And to his only Son most true;  
With Thee, O mighty Holy Ghost!  
To whom praise, power, and blessing be,  
Through ages of eternity.

---

## L A U D S .

*Sits on Olympi vertice.*

From highest Heaven, the Father's Son,  
Descending like that mystic stone  
Cut from a mountain without hands,  
Came down below, and filled all lands;  
Uniting, midway in the sky,  
His House on earth, and House on high.

That House on high,—it ever rings  
With praises of the King of kings;  
For ever there, on harps divine,  
They hymn th' eternal One and Trine;  
We, here below, the strain prolong,  
And faintly echo Sion's song.

**Oh, wedded in a prosperous hour!  
The Father's glory was thy dower;  
The Spirit all His graces shed,  
Thou peerless Queen, upon thy head;  
When Christ espoused thee for his Bride,  
O City bright and glorified!**

**Thy gates a pearly lustre pour;  
Thy gates are open evermore;  
And thither evermore draw nigh  
All who for Christ have dared to die;  
Or smit with love of their dear Lord,  
Have pains endured, and joys abhorr'd.**

**Thou too, O Church, which here we see!  
No easy task hath builded thee.  
Long did the chisels ring around!  
Long did the mallets' blows rebound!  
Long work'd the head, and toil'd the hand!  
Ere stood thy stones as now they stand!**

**To God the Father, glory due  
Be paid by all the heavenly Host;**

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*Sacred Year.*



**HYMNS FROM THE MISSAL.**

Thee once with palms the Jews went for  
meet;

Thee now with prayers and holy hymns we  
[Glory and praise, &c.]

Thee, on thy way to die, they crown'd  
praise;

To Thee, now King on high, our song we  
[Glory and praise, &c.]

Thee their poor homage pleased, O gra  
King!

Ours too accept,—the best that we can bring  
[Glory and praise, &c.]

---

GOOD-FRIDAY.

*Cruz fidelis inter omnes.*

FAITHFUL Cross, O Tree all beauteous!

Tree all peerless and divine!

Not a grove on earth can show us

Such a flower and leaf as thine.

---

Sweet the nails, and sweet the wood,  
Laden with so sweet a load!

After which, "*Pange lingua*," as at page 137.

[*"Sweet the nails," &c. as above, being repeated after every stanza.*]

---

SEQUENCE, EASTER-SUNDAY

*Victimæ Paschali laudes.*

FORTH to the Paschal Victim, Christians bring  
Your sacrifice of praise :

The Lamb redeems the sheep ;  
And Christ, the Sinless One,  
Hath to the Father sinners reconciled.

Together, Death and Life  
In a strange conflict strove ;  
The Prince of Life, who died,  
Now lives and reigns.

8

---

What thou sawest, Mary, say,  
As thou wentest on the way.

I saw the tomb wherein the Living One had  
I saw his glory as He rose again ;  
Napkin and linen clothes, and Angels twain  
Yea, Christ is risen, my hope, and He  
Will go before you into Galilee.

We know that Christ indeed has risen from  
Hail, thou King of Victory! [g  
Have mercy, Lord, and save.

---

SEQUENCE, WHIT-SUNDAY.

*Veni Sancte Spiritus.*

HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!  
From thy clear celestial height,  
Thy pure beaming radiance give :

Come, Thou Father of the poor!  
Come, with treasures which endure!  
Come, Thou Light of all that live ;

---

Thou, of all consolers best,  
Visiting the troubled breast,  
Dost refreshing peace bestow ;

Thou in toil art comfort sweet ;  
Pleasant coolness in the heat ;  
Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal ! light divine !  
Visit Thou these hearts of thine,  
And our inmost being fill :

If Thou take thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man will stay ;  
All his good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds—our strength renew ;  
On our dryness pour thy dew ;  
Wash the stains of guilt away :

Bend the stubborn heart and will ;  
Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;  
Guide the steps that go astray.



---

Thou, on those who evermore  
Thee confess and Thee adore,  
In thy sevenfold gifts, descend :

Give them comfort when they die ;  
Give them life with Thee on high ;  
Give them joys which never end.

---

SEQUENCE, SOLEMNITY OF CORPUS CH

*Lauda Sion Salvatorem.*

SION, lift thy voice, and sing ;  
Praise thy Saviour and thy King ;  
Praise with hymns thy Shepherd ;  
Strive thy best to praise Him well ;  
Yet doth He all praise excel ;  
None can ever reach His due.

See to-day before us laid  
The living and life-giving Bread !  
Theme for praise and joy profour  
The same which at the sacred board  
Was, by our Incarnate Lord,  
Given to his Apostles round.

---

Let the praise be loud and high ;  
Sweet and tranquil be the joy  
    Felt to-day in every breast ;  
On this Festival divine,  
Which records the origin  
    Of the glorious Eucharist.

On this Table of the King,  
Our new Paschal offering  
    Brings to end the olden rite ;  
Here, for empty shadows fled,  
Is Reality instead ;  
    Here, instead of darkness, Light.

His own act, at supper seated,  
Christ ordained to be repeated,  
    In His Memory divine ;  
Wherefore now, with adoration,  
We the Host of our salvation  
    Consecrate from bread and wine.

Hear what holy Church maintaineth,  
That the bread its substance changeth  
    Into Flesh, the wine to Blood.

Doth it pass thy comprehending?  
Faith, the law of sight transcending  
Leaps to things not understood

Here, beneath these signs, are hid  
Priceless things, to sense forbidden  
Signs, not things, are all we see  
Flesh from bread, and Blood from wine  
Yet is Christ, in either sign,  
All entire, confess'd to be.

They too, who of Him partake,  
Sever not, nor rend, nor break,  
But entire, their Lord receive.  
Whether one or thousands eat,  
All receive the self-same meat,  
Nor the less for others leave.

Both the wicked and the good  
Eat of this celestial Food;  
But with ends how opposite!  
Here 'tis life; and there 'tis death  
The same, yet issuing to each  
In a difference infinite.

Nor a single doubt retain,  
When they break the Host in twain,  
But that in each part remains  
    What was in the whole before ;  
Since the simple sign alone  
Suffers change in state or form,  
The Signified remaining One  
    And the Same for evermore.

[*Ecce panis angelorum.*]

Lo! upon the Altar lies,  
Hidden deep from human eyes,  
Bread of Angels from the skies,  
    Made the food of mortal man :  
Children's meat to dogs denied ;  
In old types foresignified  
In the manna Heaven-supplied,  
    Isaac, and the Paschal Lamb.

Jesu! Shepherd of the sheep!  
Thou thy flock in safety keep.  
Living Bread! thy life supply ;  
Strengthen us, or else we die ;  
    Fill us with celestial grace :

Thou, who feedest us below !  
Source of all we have or know !  
Grant that with thy Saints above,  
Sitting at the feast of love,  
We may see Thee face to face.

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•

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## SEQUENCE, MASS FOR THE DEAD.

*Dies ira dies illa.*

NIGHER still, and still more nigh  
Draws the Day of Prophecy,  
Doom'd to melt the earth and sky.

Oh, what trembling there shall be,  
When the world its Judge shall see,  
Coming in dread majesty !

Hark ! the trump, with thrilling tone,  
From sepulchral regions lone,  
Summons all before the throne :

---

Time and Death it doth appall,  
To see the buried ages all  
Rise to answer at the call.

Now the books are open spread ;  
Now the writing must be read,  
Which condemns the quick and dead :

Now, before the Judge severe  
Hidden things must all appear ;  
Naught can pass unpunish'd here.

What shall guilty I then plead ?  
Who for me will intercede,  
When the Saints shall comfort need ?

King of dreadful Majesty !  
Who dost freely justify !  
Fount of Pity, save Thou me !

Recollect, O Love divine !  
'Twas for this lost sheep of thine  
Thou thy glory didst resign :

---

Satest wearied seeking me ;  
Sufferedst upon the Tree :  
Let not vain thy labor be.

Judge of Justice, hear my prayer !  
Spare me, Lord, in mercy spare !  
Ere the Reckoning-day appear.

Lo ! thy gracious face I seek ;  
Shame and grief are on my cheek  
Sighs and tears my sorrow speak.

Thou didst Mary's guilt forgive ;  
Didst the dying thief receive ;  
Hence doth hope within me live.

Worthless are my prayers, I know  
Yet, oh, cause me not to go  
Into everlasting woe.

Sever'd from the guilty band,  
Make me with thy sheep to stand  
Placing me on thy right hand.

---

When the cursed in anguish flee  
Into flames of misery ;  
With the Blest then call Thou me.

Suppliant in the dust I lie ;  
My heart a cinder, crush'd and dry ;  
Help me, Lord, when death is nigh !

Full of tears, and full of dread,  
Is the day that wakes the dead,  
Calling all, with solemn blast,  
From the ashes of the past.

Lord of mercy ! Jesu blest !  
Grant the Faithful light and rest.

---

*For Stabat Mater doloresa, see page 183.*

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END OF HYMNS FROM THE MISSAL.



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*Sacred Year.*



INS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.



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## SACRED YEAR.

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SONS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

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SONS AT BENEDICTION OF THE  
BLESSED SACRAMENT.

---

RHYME OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

*Adoro Te devote latens Deitas.*

HEAD hid, devoutly I adore Thee,  
Thy art within the forms before me;  
In my heart I bow with bended knee,  
Being quite in contemplating Thee.

Such, and taste in Thee are each deceived;  
Whom alone most safely is believed:  
For all the Son of God has spoken,  
Truth's own word there is no truer token.

---

God only on the Cross lay hid from view ;  
But here lies hid at once the Manhood too :  
And I, in both professing my belief,  
Make the same prayer as the repentant thief.

Thy wounds as Thomas saw, I do not see ;  
Yet Thee confess my Lord and God to be :  
Make me believe Thee ever more and more ;  
In Thee my hope, in Thee my love to store.

O thou Memorial of our Lord's own dying !  
O living Bread, to mortals life supplying !  
Make Thou my soul henceforth on Thee to live  
Ever a taste of Heavenly sweetness give.

O loving Pelican ! O Jesu, Lord !  
Unclean I am, but cleanse me in thy blood ;  
Of which a single drop, for sinners spilt,  
Can purge the entire world from all its guilt.

Jesu ! whom for the present veiled I see,  
What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me :  
That I may see thy countenance unfolding,  
And may be blest thy glory in beholding.

---

[The following is usually sung after every stanza.]

Jesu, eternal Shepherd! hear our cry;  
Increase the faith of all whose souls on Thee  
rely.

---

## PROSE

*Ave, verum corpus natum.*

HAIL to Thee! true Body, sprung  
From the Virgin Mary's womb!  
The same that on the Cross was hung,  
And bore from man the bitter doom!

Thou, whose side was pierced, and flowed  
Both with water and with blood;  
Suffer us to taste of Thee,  
In our life's last agony.

O kind, O loving One!  
O sweet Jesu, Mary's Son!

---

## AT TERCE.

*Salve area federis.*

**HAIL, Solomon's Throne!**  
**Pure Ark of the Law!**  
**Fair Rainbow! and Bush**  
**Which the Patriarch saw!**  
**Hail, Gedeon's Fleece!-**  
**Hail, blossoming Rod!**  
**Samson's sweet Honeycomb!**  
**Portal of God!**

Well fitting it was  
That a Son so divine  
Should preserve from all touch  
Of Original Sin;  
Nor suffer by smallest  
Defect to be stain'd  
That Mother, whom He  
For Himself had ordained.

---

Oh, blest are they who have not seen  
 Their Lord, and yet believe in Him!  
 Eternal life awaiteth them.

Now let us praise the Lord most high,  
 And strive his name to magnify  
 On this great day, through earth and sky.

Whose mercy ever runneth o'er;  
 Whom men and Angel Hosts adore  
 To Him be glory evermore.

For <i>Salutis humanae sator</i> .....	see page	145
“ <i>Æternæ Rex altissimæ</i> .....	“	147
“ <i>Pange lingua gloriosi</i> .....	“	156
“ <i>Tantum ergo sacramentum</i> ...	“	157
“ <i>Sacris solemnibus</i> .....	“	158
“ <i>Verbum supernum prodiens</i> ...	“	160
“ <i>O salutaris Hostia</i> .....	“	161
“ <i>Stabat Mater dolorosa</i> .....	“	182
“ <i>Lauda Sion Salvatorem</i> .....	“	282
“ <i>Eccæ panis angelorum</i> .....	“	285



## HYMNS

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPT

---

AT MATINS.

*Salve mundi dominæ.*

HAIL, Queen of the Heavens !

Hail, Mistress of earth !

Hail, Virgin most pure,

Of immaculate birth !

Clear Star of the Morning,

In beauty enshrined !

O Lady, make speed

To the help of mankind !

Thee God in the depth

Of eternity chose ;

And form'd thee all fair,

As his glorious Spouse ;

And call'd thee his Word's

Own Mother to be,

By whom He created

The earth, sky, and sea.

AT PRIME.

*Salve Virgo sapiens.*

**HAIL, Virgin most wise!**  
Hail, Deity's Shrine,  
With seven fair pillars  
And Table divine!  
Preserved from the guilt  
Which has come on us all!  
Exempt in the womb  
From the taint of the Fall!

O new Star of Jacob!  
Of Angels the Queen!  
O Gate of the Saints!  
O Mother of men!  
O terrible as  
The embattled array!  
Be thou of the Faithful  
The refuge and stay.

---

## AT COMPLINE.

*Salve Virgo feruens.*

HAIL, Mother most pure !  
Hail, Virgin renown'd !  
Hail, Queen, with the stars  
As a diadem crown'd !  
Above all the Angels  
In glory untold,  
Standing next to the King,  
In a vesture of gold !

O Mother of mercy !  
O Star of the wave !  
O Hope of the guilty !  
O Light of the grave !  
Through Thee may we come  
To the Haven of rest ;  
And see Heaven's King  
In the courts of the Blest.

---

THE COMMENDATION.

*Supplices offerimus.*

THESE praises and prayers  
I lay at thy feet,  
O Virgin of virgins!  
O Mary most sweet!  
Be Thou my true guide  
Through this pilgrimage here,  
And stand by my side  
When death draweth near.

OF HYMNS FROM THE OFFICE OF THE  
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

---

FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED  
VIRGIN MARY.

February 2.

*Templi secretas pande Sion fores.*

O SION! open wide thy gates;  
Let figures disappear;  
A Priest and Victim both in one,  
The Truth Himself is here.

No more the simple flock shall bleed.-  
Behold the Father's Son!  
Himself to His own Altar comes  
For sinners to atone.

Conscious of hidden Deity,  
The lowly Virgin brings  
Her new-born Babe, with two young d  
Her tender offerings.

The hoary Simeon sees at last  
His Lord so long desired,  
And hails, with Anna, Israel's hope,  
With sudden rapture fired.

But silent knelt the Mother blest  
Of the yet silent Word ;  
And pondering all things in her heart,  
With speechless praise adored.

Praise to the Father and the Son ;  
Praise to the Spirit be ;  
Praise to the blessed Three in One,  
Through all eternity.

---

FAST OF THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED  
VIRGIN MARY.

August 15.

*O vos aetherei plaudite cives.*

CE, O ye Spirits and Angels on high !  
This day the pure Mother of Love  
From earth was set free ; and ascending the sky,  
welcomed by Jesus, with triumph and joy,  
the Courts of his glory above.

---

O Virgin divine! what treasures art  
What power and splendor untold  
With flesh thou hadst clothed thy  
might;—

He clothes Thee in turn with his  
And a radiant vesture of gold.

He, who on thy breast found nurture  
Is now thy ineffable Food;  
And He, who from Thee in the flesh  
Now gives Thee, beholding his glory  
To drink from the fullness of God

Through thy Virginal womb what  
come!

What glories encompass thy throne  
Where next to thy Son, thou sittest  
Exalted on high, above Angels and  
Inferior to Godhead alone!

Then hear us, we pray, on this blessed day  
Remember we also are thine;  
And deign for thy children with Jesus  
That He may forgive us, and grant  
His strength and protection divine

---

All praise to the Father, who chose for his Son  
A Mother, the daughter of Eve ;  
All praise to the glorious Child of her womb ;  
All praise to the infinite Spirit, by Whom  
Her glory it was to conceive.

---

## HYMN FROM THE RESPONSORY OF ST. JOSEPH.

*Quicumque sanus vivere.*

To all, who would holily live,  
To all, who would happily die,  
St. Joseph is ready to give  
Sure guidance, and help from on high.

Of Mary the Spouse undefiled,  
Just, holy, and pure of all stain,  
He asks of his own Foster Child ;  
And needs but to ask to obtain.

[Here the first stanza is repeated.]

To all, who would holily live,  
To all, who would happily die,  
St. Joseph is ready to give  
Sure guidance, and help from on high.



In the manger that Child he adored,  
And nursed Him in exile and flight  
Him, lost in his boyhood, deplored ;  
And found with amaze and delight  
To all, &c.

The Maker of Heaven and Earth  
By the labor of Joseph was fed ;  
The Son by an infinite birth  
Submissive to Joseph was made.  
To all, &c.

And when his last hour drew nigh,  
Oh, full of all joy was his breast ;  
Seeing Jesus and Mary close by,  
As he tranquilly slumber'd to rest.  
To all, &c.

All praise to the Father above ;  
All praise to his glorious Son ;  
All praise to the Spirit of love ;  
While the days of eternity run.  
To all, &c.

## [ FROM THE RESPONSORY OF ST. PETER.

*Si vis Patronum querere.*

Give ye a Patron to defend  
 our cause!—then, one and all,  
 without delay upon the Prince  
 of the Apostles call.

Blest Holder of the heavenly Keys!

Thy prayers we all implore:  
 Unlock to us the sacred bars  
 Of Heaven's eternal door.

Penitential tears thou didst  
 the path of life regain;  
 Teach us with thee to weep our sins,  
 and wash away their stain.

Blest Holder, &c.

The Angel touch'd thee, and forthwith  
 Thy chains from off thee fell;  
 Oh, loose us from the subtle coils  
 That bind us fast to Hell.

Blest Holder, &c.

---

Firm Rock whereon the Church is built  
Pillar that cannot bend !  
With strength endue us ; and the Faith  
From heresy defend.

Blest Holder, &c.

Save Rome, which from the days of old  
Thy blood hath sanctified ;  
And help the nations of the earth,  
That in thy help confide.

Blest Holder, &c.

Oh, worshipp'd by all Christendom !  
Her realms in peace maintain ;  
Let no contagion sap her strength,  
No discord rend in twain.

Blest Holder, &c.

The weapons, which our ancient foe  
Against us doth prepare,  
Crush thou ; nor suffer us to fall  
Into his deadly snare.

Blest Holder, &c.

through life; and in that hour  
 our last fight draws nigh,  
 ah, o'er Hell, o'er Satan's power,  
 is the victory.

Blest Holder, &c.

to the Father be;  
 to the Son who rose;  
 the Spirit Paraclete;  
 age on ages flows.

Blest Holder, &c.

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OM THE RESPONSORY OF ST. PAUL.

*Pressi malorum pendere.*

ye who groan, beneath  
 load of ills oppress'd!  
 at St. Paul, and he will pray  
 Lord to give you rest.  
 Victim, dear to Heaven!  
 Paul, thou Teacher true!  
 ou love and joy of Christendom!  
 'o thee for help we sue.

Pierced by the flame of love,  
Descending from on high ;  
'Twas thine to preach the Faith, whi  
Thou soughtest to destroy.

O Victim, &c.

Nor toil, nor threaten'd death,  
Nor tempest, scourge, or chain,  
Could from th' Assembly of the Sa  
Thy loving heart detain.

O Victim, &c.

Oh, by that quenchless love  
Which burnt in thee of yore !  
Take pity on our miseries ;  
Our fainting hope restore.

O Victim, &c.

True Champion of the Lord !  
Crush thou the schemes of Hell ;  
And with adoring multitudes  
The sacred temples fill.

O Victim, &c.

---

Through thy prevailing prayer,  
May Charity abound ;  
Sweet Charity, which knows no ill,  
Which nothing can confound.

O Victim, &c.

To earth's remotest shores,  
May one same Faith extend ;  
And thy epistles through all climes  
Their blessed perfume send.

O Victim, &c.

Grant us the will and power  
To serve Thee, God of might !  
Lest wavering still, and unprepared,  
We sink in depths of night.

O Victim, &c.

Praise to the Father be ;  
Praise to the Son who rose ;  
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete ;  
While age on ages flows.

O Victim, &c.

HYMN FROM THE RESPONSORY OF ST.  
THE FIFTH.

*Belli tumultus ingruit.*

WARs and tumults fill the earth ;  
Men the fear of God despise ;  
Retribution, vengeance, wrath,  
Brood upon the angry skies.

Holy Pius ! Pope sublime !  
Whom, in this most evil time  
Whom, of Saints in bliss, can  
Better call to aid than thee ?

None more mightily than thou,  
Hath, by holy deed or word,  
Through the spacious earth below  
Spread the glory of the Lord.

Holy Pius, &c.

Thine it was, O Pontiff brave !  
Pontiff of eternal Rome !  
From barbaric yoke to save  
Terror-stricken Christendom.

Holy Pius, &c.

---

When Lepanto's Gulf beheld,  
Strewn upon its waters fair,  
Turkey's countless navy yield  
To the power of thy prayer:  
Holy Pius, &c.

Who meanwhile, with prophet's eye,  
Didst the distant battle see;  
And announce to standers by  
That same moment's victory.  
Holy Pius, &c.

Mightier now and glorified !  
Hear the suppliant cry we pour ;  
Crush rebellion's haughty pride ;  
Quell the din of rising war.  
Holy Pius, &c.

At thy prayer may golden peace  
Down to earth descend again ;  
License, discord, trouble cease ;  
Justice, truth, and order reign.  
Holy Pius, &c.



To the Lord of endless days.  
One Almighty Trinity;  
Sempiternal glory, praise,  
Honor, might, and blessing be  
Holy Pius, &c.

---

## FEAST OF ST. STEPHEN THE PROTOM.

December 26.

*O qui tuus dux Martyrum.*

O CAPTAIN of the Martyr Host!  
O peerless in renown!  
Not from the fading flowers of e  
Weave we for thee a crown.

The stones that smote thee, in t  
Made glorious and divine,  
All in a halo heavenly bright  
About thy temples shine.

---

The scars upon thy sacred brow  
Throw beams of glory round ;  
The splendors of thy bruised face  
The very sun confound.

Oh, earliest Victim sacrificed  
To thy dear Victim Lord !  
Oh, earliest witness to the Faith  
Of thy Incarnate God !

Thou to the heavenly Canaan first  
Through the Red Sea didst go,  
And to the Martyrs' countless Host,  
Their path of glory show.

Erewhile a servant of the poor,—  
Now at the Lamb's high Feast,  
In blood-empurpled robe array'd,  
A welcome nuptial guest !

To Jesus, born of Virgin bright,  
Praise with the Father be ;  
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,  
Through all eternity.

## FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

December 27.

*Qua dixit, agit, percutit.*

THE life which God's Incarnate Word  
Lived here below with men,  
Three blest Evangelists record, •  
With Heaven-inspired pen :

John penetrates on eagle wing  
The Father's dread abode ;  
And shows the mystery wherein  
The Word subsists with God.

Pure Saint ! upon his Saviour's breast  
Invited to recline,  
'Twas thence he drew, in moments ble  
His knowledge all divine :

There too, with that angelic love  
Did he his bosom fill,  
Which, once enkindled from above,  
Breathes in his pages still.

---

Oh, dear to Christ!—to thee upon  
His Cross, of all bereft,  
Thou virgin soul! the Virgin Son  
His Virgin Mother left.

To Jesus, born of Virgin bright,  
Praise with the Father be ;  
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,  
Through all eternity.

---

ANOTHER HYMN FOR THE SAME FEAST.

*Jussu tyranni pro fide.*

AN exile for the Faith  
Of thy Incarnate Lord,  
Beyond the stars,—beyond all space,  
Thy soul unprison'd soar'd :

There saw in glory Him  
Who liveth, and was dead ;  
There Juda's Lion, and the Lamb  
That for our ransom bled :

There of the Kingdom learnt  
The mysteries sublime,—  
How, sown in Martyr's blood, the F  
Should spread from clime to clime

There the new City, bathed  
In her dear Spouse's light,  
Pure seat of bliss, thy spirit saw,  
And gloried in the sight.

Now to the Lamb's clear fount,  
To drink of life their fill,  
Thou callest all ;—O Lord, in me  
This blessed thirst instill.

To Jesus, Virgin born,  
Praise with the Father be ;  
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,  
Through all eternity.

---

## HYMN TO JESUS.

*Jesu nostra Redemptio.*

O JESU! our Redemption!  
Loved and desired with tears!  
God, of all worlds Creator!  
Man, in the close of years!

What wondrous pity moved Thee  
To make our cause thine own!  
And suffer death and torments,  
For sinners to atone!

O Thou, who piercing Hades,  
Thy captives didst unchain!  
Who gloriously ascendedst  
Thy Father's Throne again!

Subdue our many evils  
By mercy all divine;  
And comfort with thy presence  
The hearts that for Thee pine.

---

Be Thou our joy, O J  
In whom our prize  
Always, through all th  
In Thee our glory b

---

#### HYMN TO THE HOLY

*Veni Creator Spirit*

COME, O Creator Spiri  
Visit this soul of th  
This heart of thy creat  
Fill Thou with grac

Who Paraclete art cal  
The gift of God ab  
Pure Uncction! holy F  
And Fount of life a

Finger of God's right  
The Father's promis  
Who sevenfold gifts b  
Who dost the tong

---

**Pour love into our hearts ;  
Our senses touch with light ;  
Make strong our human frailty  
With thy supernal might.**

**Cast far our deadly Foe ;  
Thy peace in us fulfill ;  
So, Thee before us leading,  
May we escape each ill.**

**The Father, and the Son,  
Through Thee may we receive ;  
In Thee, from Both proceeding,  
Through endless time believe.**

**Praise to the Father be ;  
Praise to the Son who rose ;  
And praise to Thee, blest Spirit !  
While age on ages flows.**

---



## HYMN FOR SUNDAY MORNING.

*Ad templum nos rurus vocat.*

AGAIN the Sunday morn  
Calls us to prayer and praise ;  
Waking our hearts to gratitude  
With its enlivening rays.

But Christ yet brighter shone,  
Quenching the morning beam  
When triumphing from death He  
And raised us up with Him.

When first the world sprang f  
In majesty array'd,  
And bathed in streams of purest  
What power was there display

But oh, what love!—when Ch  
For our transgressions slain,  
Was by th' Eternal Father raised  
For us to life again.

His new-created world,  
The mighty Maker view'd,  
With thousand lovely tints adorn'd;  
And straight pronounced it good.

But oh! much more He joy'd  
That self-same world to see,  
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-saving Blood,  
From its impurity.

Nature each day renews  
Her beauty evermore;  
Whence to God's hidden Majesty,  
The soul is taught to soar.

But Christ, the Light of all,  
The Father's Image blest,  
Gives us to see our God Himself  
In Flesh made manifest.

Blest Trinity! vouchsafe  
That to thy guidance true,  
• What Thou forbiddest, we may shun;  
What Thou commandest, do.

## HYMN OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

*O Deus, ego amo Te.*

MY God, I love Thee, not beca  
I hope for Heaven thereby;  
Nor because they, who love Th  
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst  
Upon the Cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails and  
And manifold disgrace;

And griefs and torments numbe  
And sweat of agony;  
E'en death itself—and all for o  
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesu Chri  
Should I not love Thee well;  
Not for the sake of winning He  
Or of escaping Hell:

with the hope of gaining ought ;  
not seeking a reward ;  
as Thyself hast loved me,  
ever-loving Lord ?

so I love Thee, and will love,  
and in thy praise will sing ;  
only because Thou art my God,  
and my eternal King.

END OF THE SACRED YEAR.

Vertical line of text on the left side of the page.

**PART II.**

**ymns, Anthems, &c.,**

**APPROPRIATE TO**

**SPECIAL OCCASIONS OF DEVOTION,**

**FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.**



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# **HYMNS, ANTHEMS. &c.**

**APPROPRIATE TO PARTICULAR OCCASIONS OF  
DEVOTION, FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.**

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## **HYMN.**

*To Deum laudamus.*

**AUGUSTINE AND ST. AMBROSE PRAISE THE LORD.**

O Great God, we praise!  
Thee, mighty Lord, we bless,  
And thy marvellous and mysterious ways!  
O Omnipotent Lord,  
The rolling orb'd worlds confess!  
As the Archangels and high-throned Powers,  
The Cherubim,  
And Seraphim,  
Shout aloud, with one accord,  
Evermore,  
Thy Eternity's resplendent hours,



---

In prostration lowly,

“ Holy,

Holy,

Holy is the God whom we adore !

Holy is the Lord whose praise we sing

Heaven and Earth, O Everlasting King

Are luminous with thy glory !

Thee the Patriarchs of olden story,

Thee the Saints who have gone by

Thee the Apostles and the Prophet-land

Magnify in one perennial chorus !

And the white-robed Martyr-train with

Day and night, before thy throne,

Hymn their Alleluias to Thee !

Nor all those alone—

Thy Church—still militant on Earth

And yet uncrown'd with Victory's gold

Ever loveth to upraise

Her voice to Thee in canticles of praise

Ever bends before thy shrines the

Glorified be Thou, then endlessly,

And thy coeternal Son,

And the Holy Spirit, Three in One

---

---

and be Thou, Son of the Living Father,  
O, to save Man's rebel race from Doom,  
no care to spare Thyself, but rather  
fight with joy thy humble Handmaid's womb!  
I—the Conqueror of the Tomb,  
I—the victor of Hell's legions,  
I art now the Lord of the Celestial  
Regions.  
I sit at the right-hand of the One, Great, Good,  
Eternal Potentate—thy Sire,  
who hast redeemed us by thy costly blood,  
I'll kindle in our souls thy heavenly fire!  
I'll help thy saints, thy servants, and thine heirs,  
I'll be naught, in Life or Death may seek to  
sever  
thy glory and thy blessedness from theirs,  
I'll hope to reign with Thee in Heaven for  
ever!

---

## HYMN.

*Aderte fideles.*

[The following version is added as better adapted singing than that in the Sacred Year at page 296.]

YE faithful, approach ye,  
 Joyfully triumphing ;  
 Oh, come ye, oh, come ye, to Bethlehe  
 Come and behold ye     •  
 Born the King of angels :  
 Oh, come, let us worship,  
 Oh, come, let us worship,  
 Oh, come, let us worship Christ the L

True God of God,  
 True Light of Light,  
 Lo, He disdains not the Virgin's woml  
 Very God,  
 Begotten, not created :  
 Oh, come, let us worship, &c.

Sing Alleluia,  
 Let the courts of Heaven  
 Ring with the Angel-chorus,—

---

Praise the Lord,  
Glory to God in the highest:  
Oh, come, let us worship, &c.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
Born this happy morning;  
Jesu, to Thee be glory given:  
Word of the Father  
In our flesh appearing:  
Oh, come, let us worship, &c.

---

THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.\*

*Viva, viva Gesù.*

[From the *Raccolta delle Indulgenze.*]

HAIL, Jesus! Hail! who for my sake  
Sweet Blood from Mary's wounds didst take,  
And shed it all for me;

To all the faithful who say or sing this Hymn, His Holiness  
Pope Pius VII., grants an Indulgence of 100 days:  
cable also to the souls in Purgatory.

---

O blessed be my Saviour's  
My life, my light, my only  
To all eternity.

To endless ages let us praise  
The Precious Blood whose  
The world from wrath  
Whose streams our inward  
And heal the sinner's wounds  
If he but bathe therein.

O sweetest Blood, that can  
Pardon of God, and heaven  
The heaven which sinners  
While Abel's blood for vengeance  
What Jesus shed still into  
For those who wrong Him.

O to be sprinkled from the  
Of Christ's own sacred Blood  
Earth's best and highest  
The ministers of wrath divine  
Hurt not the happy hearts  
With those red drops of

---

Ah! there is joy amid the Saints,  
And hell's despairing courage faints  
When this sweet song we raise:  
O louder then, and louder still,  
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,  
The Precious Blood to praise!

---

## HYMN.

*Jesus, pro me perforatus.*

Rock of Ages, rent for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy Cross I cling;  
Naked come to Thee for dress,  
Helpless look to Thee for grace,  
Foul I to the Fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

---

While I draw this fleet  
When my eye-strings b  
When I soar to worlds  
See Thee on thy judgm  
Rock of Ages, cleft for  
Let me hide myself in ?

---

HYMN TO THE MOST HO

HAVE mercy on us, God  
Have mercy upon me,  
Have mercy on us worm  
Most Holy Trinity !

Most ancient of all myst  
Before thy throne we l  
Have mercy now, most n  
Most Holy Trinity !

When heaven and earth  
When time was yet ur  
Thou in thy bliss and me  
Didst live and love alo

Thou wert not born, there was no fount  
From which thy Being flow'd ;  
There is no end which Thou canst reach :  
But Thou art simply God.

How wonderful creation is,  
The work that Thou didst bless,  
And, oh! what then must Thou be like,  
Eternal Loveliness?

How beautiful the Angels are,  
The Saints how bright in bliss ;  
But with thy beauty, Lord! compared,  
How dull, how poor is this!

In wonder lost, the highest heavens,  
Mary, their queen, may see—  
If Mary is so beautiful,  
What must her Maker be?

No wonder Saints have died of love,  
No wonder hearts can break,  
Pure hearts that once have learned to love  
God for his own dear sake.



---

O Majesty most beautiful!  
Most Holy Trinity!  
On Mary's throne we climb to get  
A far-off sight of Thee.

O listen then, Most Pitiful!  
To thy poor creature's heart;  
It blesses Thee that Thou art God  
That Thou art what Thou art!

Most ancient of all mysteries!  
Still at thy throne we lie;  
Have mercy now, most merciful,  
Most Holy Trinity!

---

## ASH-WEDNESDAY.

“REMEMBER, man, that thou art dust  
“And shalt to dust return:”—\*  
Then place not in the world thy true  
Its joys delusive spurn;

\* The words with which the priest distributes  
to each.

---

e thee for the mighty change  
 ending over all ;  
 o thy thoughts a loftier range—  
 to thy heavenward call.

ays on which mankind record  
 Saviour's birth are gone :  
 He comes to preach the word :  
 humbler life is done.  
 irty years he show'd the humble how to  
 ve :—  
 how he arm'd Himself against the world  
 o strive.

rn'd Him from the Jordan side,  
 ought the lonely desert wide :  
 communed with Himself and God ;  
 sed Himself, nor tasted food ;  
 overcame the tempter : there  
 pared for his high ministry  
 sting, solitude, and prayer ;—  
 on went to teach the world and die.

would He have his followers spurn  
 pride of life, and thus prepare

---

To obey the call of heaven, and learn  
The grace of heaven itself to share.  
Shall we, the world has long beguiled,  
Refuse to fast, refuse to fly?  
Shall we, with hearts and souls defiled  
By earth and earth's iniquity,  
The fruit of all his sufferings implore,  
Yet, guilty, scorn to bear, what innocen-  
bore?

No: let us hail the words that now  
Warn us against life's fleeting show,  
And bid our slothful souls arise—  
Prepare for nobler destinies—  
Prepare far holier aims to embrace—  
And—scorning worldly hopes and prid  
Prepare, through Lent, to win the grace  
Of Easter and of Whitsuntide.  
“Remember, man! that thou art dust  
“And shalt return to dust again;”—  
Then let us strive, since die we must,  
To die with Christ, with Him to reign.

---

---

**JESUS RISEN.***Hymn for Easter.*

il! dear Conqueror! all hail!  
ist a victory is Thine!  
autiful thy strength appears,  
crimson wounds, how bright they shine!

amest at the dawn of day;  
ies of souls around Thee were,  
pirits, thronging to adore  
Flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

erlasting Godhead lay  
uded within those Limbs Divine,  
t untenanted one hour  
sacred Human Heart of Thine.

orshipp'd Thee, those ransom'd souls,  
the fresh strength of love set free,  
orshipp'd joyously, and thought  
lary while they looked on Thee.

And Thou too, Soul of Jesus! Thy  
Towards that sacred Flesh didst  
And for the beatings of that Heart  
How ardently thy love did burn.

They worshipp'd, while the beauty  
Paused by the Body's wounded  
Bright flashed the cave,—before the  
The Living Jesus Glorified.

Down, down, all lofty things on earth  
And worship Him with joyous breath  
O Sin! thou art outdone by love!  
O Death! thou art discomfited!

Ye Heavens, how sang they in your  
How sang the angelic choirs that  
When from His tomb the imprisonment  
Like the strong sunrise, broke away

O I am burning so with love,  
I fear lest I should make too free  
Let me lie silent and adore  
Thy glorified Humanity.

---

Ah! now Thou sendest me sweet tears ;  
Fluttered with love, my spirits fail,—  
What shall I say? Thou know'st my heart ;  
All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail!

---

## THE ASCENSION.

*A hymn for Ascension Thursday.*

WHY is thy face so lit with smiles,  
Mother of Jesus! why?  
And wherefore is thy beaming look  
So fixed upon the sky?

From out thine overflowing eyes  
Bright lights of gladness part,  
As though some gushing fount of joy  
Had broken in thy heart.

Mother! how canst thou smile to-day?  
How can thine eyes be bright,  
When He, thy Life, thy Love, thine All,  
Hath vanish'd from thy sight?

---

His rising form on Olivet  
A summer's shadow cast ;  
The branches of the hoary trees  
Droop'd as the shadow pass'd.

And as He rose with all his train  
Of righteous souls around,  
His blessing fell into thine heart,  
Like dew into the ground.

Down stoop'd a silver cloud from heav'n  
The Eternal Spirit's car,  
And on the lessening vision went,  
Like some receding star.

The silver cloud hath sail'd away,  
The skies are blue and free ;  
The road that vision took is now  
Sunshine and vacancy.

The Feet which thou hast kiss'd so oft  
Those living Feet, are gone ;  
Mother! thou canst but stoop and kiss  
Their print upon the stone.

---

He loved the Flesh thou gavest Him,  
Because it was from thee;  
He loved it, for it gave Him power  
To bleed and die for me.

That flesh with its five witness Wounds  
Unto his throne He bore,  
For God to love, and spirits blest  
To worship evermore.

Yes! He hath left thee, Mother dear!  
His throne is far above;  
How canst thou be so full of joy  
When thou hast lost thy Love?

O surely earth's poor sunshine now  
To thee mere gloom appears,  
When He is gone who was its light  
For Three-and-Thirty Years.

Why do not thy sweet hands detain  
His Feet upon their way?  
O why doth not the Mother speak  
And bid her Son to stay?



Ah no! thy love is rightfu  
From all self-seeking fr  
The change that is such g  
Can be no loss to thee!

'Tis sweet to feel our Sav  
To feel his presence nee  
Yet loyal love his glory h  
A thousand times more

Who would have known t  
Our Jesus as we ought,  
If thou in varied joy and  
Hadst not that lesson ta

Ah! never is our love so j  
As when refined by pain  
Or when God's glory upon  
Finds in our loss its gai

True love is worship: Mo  
O gain for us the light  
To love, because the creat  
Is the Creator's right!

RISE—GLORIOUS CONQUEROR, RISE

*Another hymn for Ascension Thursday.*

RISE—glorious Conqueror, rise,  
Into thy native skies,—  
    Assume thy right :  
And where in many a fold  
The clouds are backward roll'd—  
Pass through those gates of gold,  
    And reign in light !

Victor o'er death and hell !  
Cherubic legions swell  
    The radiant train :  
Praises all heaven inspire ;  
Each angel sweeps his lyre,  
And waves his wings of fire,—  
    Thou Lamb once slain !

Enter, Incarnate God !—  
No feet, but thine, have trod  
    The serpent down :

---

Blow the full trumpets, blow!  
Wider yon portals throw!  
Saviour—triumphant—go,  
And take thy crown!

Lion of Judah—Hail!—  
And let thy name prevail  
From age to age:  
Lord of the rolling years,—  
Claim for thine own the spheres,  
For Thou hast bought with tears  
Thy heritage!

Yet—who are these behind,  
In numbers more than mind  
Can count or say—  
Clothed in immortal stoles,  
Illumining the poles—  
A galaxy of souls,  
In white array?

And then was heard afar  
Star answering to star—  
Lo! these have come,

---

Followers of Him, who gave  
His life, their lives to save ;  
And now their palms they wave,  
Brought safely home.

Oh Lord ! ascend thy throne !  
For Thou shalt rule alone  
Beside thy Sire,  
With the great Paraclete,  
The Three in One complete—  
Before whose awful feet  
All foes expire !

---

CORPUS CHRISTI

Jesus ! my Lord, my God, my All !  
How can I love Thee as I ought ?  
And how revere this wondrous gift,  
So far surpassing hope or thought ?  
Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !  
O, make us love Thee more and more !

Had I but Mary's sinless heart  
To love thee with, my dearest King!  
O with what bursts of fervent praise  
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!  
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
O, make us love Thee more and more

O see! within a creature's hand  
The vast Creator deigns to be,  
Reposing infant-like, as though  
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.  
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
O, make us love Thee more and more

Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all!  
O mystery of love divine!  
I cannot compass all I have,  
For all Thou hast and art are mine!  
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
O, make us love Thee more and more

Sound, sound his praises higher still,  
And come, ye angels to our aid,  
'Tis God! 'Tis God! the very God  
Whose power both man and angels n

---

Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
O, make us love Thee more and more!

Ring joyously, ye solemn bells!  
And wave, O wave, ye censers bright!  
'Tis Jesus cometh, Mary's Son,  
And God of God, and Light of Light!  
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
O, make us love Thee more and more!

O earth! grow flowers beneath his feet,  
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!  
He comes! He comes! O Heaven on earth!  
Our Jesus comes upon his way!  
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
O, make us love Thee more and more!

He comes! He comes! The Lord of Hosts,  
Borne on his throne triumphantly!  
We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord;  
And yearn to shed our Blood for Thee.  
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
O, make us love Thee more and more!

---

Our hearts leap up; our trembling  
Grows fainter still; we can no more  
Silence! and let us weep—and die  
Of very love, while we adore.  
Great Sacrament of love divine!  
All, all we have or are be thine!

---

## ECCE AGNUS DEI

BEHOLD the Lamb!  
Oh! Thou for sinners slain,—  
Let it not be in vain,  
That Thou hast died:  
Thee for my Saviour let me take,—  
Thee,—Thee alone my refuge make,  
Thy pierced side!

Behold the Lamb!  
Into the sacred flood,  
Of thy most precious blood  
My soul I cast:—

Wash me and make me pure and clean,  
Uphold me through life's changeful scene,  
Till all be past!

Behold the Lamb!  
Archangels,—fold your wings,—  
Seraphs,—hush all the strings  
Of million lyres:  
The Victim, veil'd on earth, in love,—  
Unveil'd,—enthroned,—adored above,  
All heaven admires!

Behold the Lamb!  
Drop down, ye glorious skies,—  
He dies,—He dies,—He dies,—  
For man once lost!  
Yet lo! He lives,—He lives,—He lives,—  
And to his church Himself He gives,—  
Incarnate Host!

Behold the Lamb!  
All hail,—Eternal Word!—  
Thou universal Lord,—  
Purge out our leaven:



Clothe us with godliness and good,  
Feed us with thy celestial food,—  
Manna from heaven !

Behold the Lamb !  
Saints, wrapt in blissful rest,—  
Souls,—waiting to be blest,—  
Oh ! Lord,—how long !  
Thou church on earth, o'erwhelm'd wi  
Still in this vale of woe and tears,  
Swell the full song.

Behold the Lamb !  
Worthy is He alone,  
To sit upon the throne  
Of God above !  
One with the Ancient of all days,—  
One with the Paraclete in praise,—  
All light,—all love !

---

## DONA NOBIS PACEM

BLESSED Lamb—on Calvary's mountain  
Slain to take our sins away,  
Let the drops of that rich fountain  
Our tremendous ransom pay :  
Sacred Saviour! Sacred Saviour!  
Lowly at thy feet we pray.

Blessed Lamb—vouchsafe us pardon,  
In thy love our souls confide :  
By thy groans within the garden,  
By the death which Thou hast died—  
Let thy Passion—let thy Passion  
Evermore with us abide !

So shall Peace—sweet Peace be given,  
Purchase of thy precious pain ;  
So shall earth but lead to heaven,  
Since for us the Lamb was slain !  
Dear Redeemer! Dear Redeemer!  
Thou canst not have died in vain.

## HYMN TO THE INFANT JESUS.

DEAR Little One! how sweet Thou  
Thine eyes how bright they shine  
So bright they almost seem to speak  
When Mary's look meets thine!

How faint and feeble is thy cry,  
Like plaint of harmless dove,  
When Thou dost murmur in thy sleep  
Of sorrow and of love.

When Mary bids Thee sleep thou sleepest  
Thou wakest when she calls;  
Thou art content upon her lap,  
Or in the rugged stalls.

Simplest of Babes! with what a grace  
Thou dost thy Mother's will;  
Thine infant fashions well betray  
The Godhead's hidden skill.

---

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms,  
And smooths thy little cheek,  
Thou lookest up into his face  
So helpless and so meek.

Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st to be,  
A thing of smiles and tears;  
Yet Thou art God, and heaven and earth  
Adore Thee with their fears.

Yes! dearest Babe! those tiny hands,  
That play with Mary's hair,  
The weight of all the mighty world  
This very moment bear.

While Thou art clasping Mary's neck  
In timid tight embrace,  
The boldest Seraphs veil themselves  
Before thine infant Face.

When Mary hath 'appeased thy thirst,  
And hush'd thy feeble cry,  
The hearts of men lie open still  
Before thy slumbering eye.

Art Thou, weak Babe, my very Go  
Oh I must love Thee then,  
Love Thee, and yearn to spread thy  
Among forgetful men.

O dear! O wakeful-hearted Child!  
Sleep on, dear Jesus! sleep;  
For Thou must one day wake for n  
To suffer and to weep.

A Scourge, a Cross, a cruel Crown  
Have I in store for Thee;  
Yet why? one little tear, O Lord,  
Ransom enough would be.

But no! death is thine own sweet  
The price decreed above;  
Thou wilt do more than save our s  
For Thou wilt die for love.

---

## MY GOD AND MY ALL.

*Deus meus et omnia.*

WHILE Thou, O my God, art my help and de-  
fender,

No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors appall ;  
The wiles and the snares of this world will but  
render

More lively my hope in my God and my all.

Yes ; Thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger ;  
My strength when I suffer ; my hope when I  
fall ;

My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger ;  
My treasure, my glory, my God, and my all.

To Thee, dearest Lord, will I turn without  
ceasing,

Though grief may oppress me, or sorrow  
befall ;

And love Thee, till death, my blest spirit re-  
leasing,

Secures to me Jesus, my God and my all.

---

And when Thou demandest the life Th  
given,

With joy will I answer thy merciful ca  
And quit Thee on earth, but to find  
heaven,

My portion for ever, my God and my s

---

### HYMN.

*Veni Creator.*

[Dryden's Translation.]

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were  
Come visit every pious mind ;  
Come pour thy joys on human kin  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make thy temples worthy Th

O source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete !  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inq

---

thy sacred unction bring,  
us while we sing.

of grace, descend from high,  
sevenfold energy !  
strength of his Almighty hand,  
never does heaven and earth command  
Spirit, our defence,  
the gift of tongues dispense,  
best thy gift with eloquence !

purge our earthly parts :  
flame and fire our hearts :  
thy help, our voice control—  
senses to the soul :  
rebellious they are grown,  
thy hand, and hold them down.

our minds th' infernal foe,  
the fruit of love, bestow ;  
our feet should step astray,  
guide us in the way.

eternal truths receive,  
we all that we believe :



---

Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father, and the Son, by Thee

Immortal honor, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's name  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee !

---

HYMN.

*Dies ira, dies illa.*

[Crashaw's Translation.]

HEAR'ST thou, my soul, what sermons  
Both the Psalm and Sybil sings,  
Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp  
The world in flames shall pass away

O that fire ! before whose face,  
Heaven and Earth shall find no place  
O these eyes ! whose angry light  
Must be the day of that dread night

---

O that trump! whose blast shall run  
An even round with th' circling sun,  
And urge the murmuring graves to bring  
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Horror of nature, hell and death!  
When a deep groan from beneath  
Shall cry, "We come! we come!" and all  
The caves of night answer one call.

O that book! whose leaves so bright,  
Will set the world in severe light:  
O that Judge! whose hand, whose eye,  
None can endure—yet none can fly.

Ah! thou poor soul, what wilt thou say?  
And to what patron choose to pray?  
When stars themselves shall stagger, and  
The most firm foot no more than stand.

But thou givest leave, dread Lord, that we  
Take shelter from Thyself in Thee;  
And, with the wings of thine own dove,  
Fly to the sceptre of soft love.

Dear Lord, remember in that day  
Who was the cause Thou earnest this  
Thy sheep was stray'd, and thou wast  
Even lost Thyself in seeking me.

Shall all that labor, all that cost  
Of love, and even that loss, be lost?  
And this loved soul, judged worth not  
Than all that way and weariness?

Just mercy, then, thy reckoning be  
With my price, and not with me;  
'Twas paid at first with too much pain  
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

Mercy, my Judge, mercy I cry,  
With blushing cheek, and bleeding eye  
The conscious colors of my sin,  
Are red without, and pale within.

Oh! let thine own soft bowels pay  
Thyself, and so discharge that day;  
If sin can sigh, love can forgive:—  
Oh! say the word, my soul shall live

Those mercies which thy Mary found,  
Or who thy cross confess'd and crown'd,  
Hope tells my heart the same loves be  
Still alive, and still for me.

Though both my prayers and tears combine,  
Both worthless are; for they are mine:  
But Thou thy bounteous self still be,  
And show Thou art by saving me.

Oh! when thy last frown shall proclaim  
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,  
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,  
Let, "Come, ye blessed," then call me.

When the dread "Ite,"\* shall divide  
Those limbs of death from thy left side,  
Let those life-speaking lips command  
That I inherit thy right hand.

Oh! hear a suppliant heart, all crush'd  
And crumbled into contrite dust;  
My hope! my fear! my Judge! my friend  
Take charge of me, and of my end.

\* "Depart thou."

## THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

*Dies ira, dies illa.*

Lo! He comes with clouds desc  
Once for favor'd sinners slain  
Thousand—thousand saints atte  
Swell the triumph of his train  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Jesus Christ shall ever reign!

See the universe in motion,  
Sinking on her funeral pyre,—  
Earth dissolving, and the ocean  
Vanishing in final fire:—  
Hark, the trumpet! Hark, the  
Loud proclaims that Day of E:

Graves have yawn'd in countles  
From the dust the dead arise:  
Millions, out of silent slumbers,  
Wake in overwhelm'd surpris  
Where creation,—Where crea  
Wreck'd and torn in ruin lies

See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Pure, ineffable, divine:—

See the great Archangel bearing  
High in heaven the mystic sign :  
Cross of Glory ! Cross of Glory !  
Christ be in that moment mine !

See Redemption,\* long expected,  
In transcendant pomp appear,—  
All his saints, by man rejected,  
Throng in gathering legions near :  
Melt, ye mountains ! Melt, ye mountains !  
Into smoke,—for God is here !

Every eye shall then behold Him  
Robed in awful majesty :—  
Those that set at naught, and sold Him,  
Pierced and nail'd Him to a tree,—  
Deeply wailing,—Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see !

Lo ! the last long separation !  
As the cleaving crowds divide ;

\* Romans viii. 23.

And one dread adjudication  
Sends each soul to either side !  
Lord of mercy ! Lord of mercy !  
How shall I that day abide !

Oh ! may thine own Bride and Spirit  
Then avert a dreadful doom,—  
And me summon to inherit  
An eternal blissful home :—  
Ah ! come quickly ! Ah ! come quick  
Let thy second Advent come !

Yea, Amen ! Let all adore Thee  
On thine amaranthine throne !  
Saviour,—take the power and glory,  
Claim the kingdom for thine own !  
Men and angels : Men and angels,  
Kneel and bow to Thee alone !

---

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

*Sine labe Concepta.*

O PUREST of creatures! sweet Mother! sweet  
Maid!

The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid!  
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother! and  
we

Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken  
world,

And the banners of darkness are boldly unfur'd;  
And the tempest-tost Church—all her eyes are  
on thee,

They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

The Church doth what God had first taught her  
to do;

He look'd o'er the world to find hearts that were  
true;



Through the ages He look'd, and He found none  
but thee,  
And He loved thy clear shining, sweet Star of  
the Sea!

He gazed on thy soul ; it was spotless and fair,  
For the empire of sin—it had never been there ;  
None had e'er own'd thee, dear Mother ! but He,  
And He bless'd thy clear shining, sweet Star of  
the Sea !

Earth gave Him one lodging ; 'twas deep in thy  
breast,  
And God found a home where the sinner find  
rest ;  
His home and his hiding-place, both were in thee  
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the  
Sea !

O blissful and calm was the wonderful rest  
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast  
For the Heaven He left He found Heaven in thee  
And He shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the  
Sea !

To sinners what comfort, to angels what mirth,  
That God found one creature unfallen on earth,  
One spot where his Spirit untroubled could be,  
The depths of thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

So age after age in the Church hath gone round,  
And the Saints new inventions of homage have  
found,

New titles of honor, new honors for thee,  
New love for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

And now from the Church of all lands thy dear  
name

Comes borne on the breath of one mighty ac-  
claim;

Men call on their father, that He should decree  
A new gem to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

O shine on us brighter than ever, then, shine!  
For the primest of honors, dear Mother! is  
thine;

“Conceived without sin,” thy new title shall be,  
Clear light from thy birth-spring, sweet Star of  
the Sea!

So worship we God in these rude latter days;  
So worship we Jesus our Love, when we praise  
His wonderful grace in the gifts He gave thee,  
The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea

Deep night hath come down on us, Mother! dee  
night,  
And we need more than ever the guide of th  
light;  
For the darker the night is, the brighter should b  
Thy beautiful shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

---

#### THE ASSUMPTION.

SING, sing, ye Angel Bands,  
All beautiful and bright;  
For higher still, and higher,  
Through the vast fields of light,  
Mary, your Queen, ascends,  
Like the sweet moon at night.

---

A fairer flower than she  
On earth hath never been ;  
And, save the Throne of God,  
Your heavens have never seen  
A wonder half so bright  
As your ascending Queen.

O happy Angels! look,  
How beautiful she is!  
See! Jesus bears her up,  
Her hand is lock'd in his ;  
O who can tell the height  
Of that fair Mother's bliss ?

And shall I lose thee then,  
Lose my sweet right to thee ?  
Ah! no—the Angel's Queen  
Our mother still will be,  
And thou, upon thy throne,  
Wilt keep thy love for me.

---

## ROSA MYSTICA.

Rose of the Cross, thou mystic flower,  
I lift my heart to thee :  
In every melancholy hour,  
Mary ! remember me.

A wanderer here, through many a vale,  
Where few their way can see—  
Bloom with thy fragrance on thy cheek,  
Mary ! remember me.

Let me but stand where thou hast stood,  
Beside the crimson tree ;  
And by the water and the blood,  
Mary ! remember me.

There let me wash my sinful soul,  
And be from sin set free ;  
Drawn by thy love, by grace made free,  
Mary ! remember me.

---

Be thy blest Son my all in all,  
To Whom for life I flee ;  
And when before his feet I fall—  
Mary! remember me.

Lead me for ever to adore  
The glorious One in Three ;  
And whilst I tremble more and more,  
Mary! remember me.

Rose of the Cross, thou thornless flower,  
May I thy follower be ;  
And when temptation wields its power,  
Mary! remember me.

---

TURRIS EBURNEA.

DAUGHTER of David, ever fair,  
In all thy gentle power,  
Oh! let me find thy gracious care  
An Ivory Tower!

---

Created by the King of kings  
To be his own abode,—  
Beneath the shadow of his wings,  
Mother of God!

For this to thee in each distress  
As shelter man may run,  
And through thee hasten on to ble  
Thy glorious Son.

Defend me then in thine embrace,  
Where safety blends with rest,  
To make my paradise of grace  
Thy virgin breast.

Beauty of women! Matchless Maid  
Immaculate, sublime;  
When death in lowly dust hath laid  
All towers of time,—

Thy light impearl'd in bliss shall gl  
And I will look to thee,—  
For thou hast been in weal and wo  
A Tower to me.

---

## FEDERIS ARCA.

HOLY of holies ! rend the veil  
Before thy throne of gold ;  
Ark of the Covenant, all hail,—  
The Virgin we behold !

Bright cherubim and seraphim,  
In one mysterious crowd,  
Expand the everlasting hymn  
That rolls from cloud to cloud.

Odors, in folds of fragrant fumes,  
Pervade the ravish'd skies ;  
Whilst angels form, with arching plumes,  
A firmament of eyes !\*

They gaze, and as they gaze, they shine,  
And as they shine, admire,  
With adoration all divine,—  
All love,—all life,—all fire !

\* Ezek. i. 18—23 : x. 12. Apocal. iv. 6.



No temple there is made with hand  
By human priesthood trod ;  
Alone the once-slain Victim stands  
The living Lamb of God !

To Him the Blessed Mary prays,  
With Him she intercedes ;  
The Church, around her, homage pay  
For whom her mercy pleads.

Oh ! that on earth we yet may bear  
A part with those above ;  
And mingling oft in spirit there,  
Be swallow'd up of love.

---

## JANUA COELL

GATE of immortal bliss,—  
Whose sweet celestial ray  
Comes shining o'er the vast abyss,  
That severs night from day.—

---

My soul unfurls her wings  
To soar aloft to thee,—  
And far removed from earthly things,  
Adores thy mystery.

The prophet saw that fane  
Of heavenly beauty fair,  
Where Deity itself would deign  
To find a dwelling there :

One portal stood alone,\*  
Of peerless pearl its frame :  
There would the Lord ascend his throne,  
And Mary was its name.

All hail, thou Matchless Maid !  
An entrance make for me,—  
Where He in glory is display'd  
Who came to us through thee.

By all, and more than mothers know  
In their maternal state,—  
By all thy vigils, tears, and woe,  
Thyself immaculate ;—

\* *Ezekiel xlii. 1, 2.*

---

Thou Virgin Queen of earth and he  
Present me to thy Son,—  
That every sin may be forgiven  
And a fresh trophy won.

---

STELLA MATUTINA.

STAR of the Morning, like an eye  
That beams upon the brow of lov  
Oh! let thy lustrous radianey  
Shine from above!

Crown of the opening day of days,  
When Jesus as an infant smiled;  
Teach every heart aright to praise  
Thy holy Child!

Brightness of beauty,—Diadem  
Of nature rising out of night;  
Lamp of the church! her Bridal Gen  
Fountain of Light!

---

Glory of that celestial zone  
Arranged by God in dread array,—  
A galaxy around his throne  
Of saints that pray ;

Centre, and source of endless grace  
For those, who on thee humbly call  
With the bright visions of thy face  
Illumine all !

Star of the Morning, like an eye  
That beams upon the brow of love ;  
Oh ! let thy lustrous radiancy  
Shine from above !

---

DOMUS AUREA.

LIGHT ! Light ! Infinite Light !  
The mountains melted away :  
Ten thousand thousand seraphim bright  
Were lost in a blaze of day :

---

For God was there, and beneath his feet  
A pavement of sapphires glow'd,\*  
As the mirror of glory transcendantly  
To reflect his own abode!

Love! Love! Infinite Love!  
The lowly Lady of grace  
Bows underneath the o'ershadowing Dove  
Her eternal Son to embrace!  
For God is there, the Ancient of Days,  
An Infant of human years:  
Whilst angels around them incessantly g  
And nature is wrapt in tears!

Peace! Peace! Infinite Peace!  
A Golden House hath it found,  
Whose ineffable beauty must ever increa  
With immortality crown'd!  
For God was there, the Lord of the skies  
Whose loud alleluias ran,  
From heaven to earth,—as Emmanuel lie  
In the arms of Mary for man!

\* Exodus xxiv. 10.

---

ALL SAINTS!

HEAD of the Hosts in glory!  
We joyfully adore Thee,—  
    Thy church on earth below,  
Blending with those on high,—  
Where through the azure sky  
Thy saints in ecstasy,—  
    For ever glow!

Armies of God! in union  
With us, through one communion,—  
    Pour forth sweet prayers:  
Our souls in love embrace,—  
Around the Saviour's face,—  
And ask his special grace  
    To soothe our cares.

Offer those golden vials\*  
Of odors,—for our trials,—  
    Before the throne:

\* Apocalypse, v. 8.

Till God the Father  
On us,—though we  
Now counted with  
Through Christ

Then raise the song  
To dissipate our sorrow  
Along this vale  
We wend our way  
Up towards the realm  
And watch,—and  
Constant in faith

Holy Apostles! be  
With radiance bright  
From diadems  
Call on the awful Lord  
That we, through His  
The gospel may preach  
In every hour

Martyrs!—whose  
March o'er yon heath  
In triumph roll

Wave—wave your banners—wave!  
Your God—our Saviour, gave  
For Death itself a grave,—  
In hell profound!

Saints!—in fair circles, casting  
Rich trophies everlasting  
At Jesu's pierced feet,—  
Amidst our rude alarms,  
Stretch forth your conquering arms,  
That we too, safe from harms,  
In heaven may meet!

Virgins!—in bliss transcendent,  
Whose coronals resplendent  
Unwithering bloom:  
Exalt, in ceaseless lays,  
Him whom all anthems praise,  
And oft our spirits raise  
With your perfume!

Angels—Archangels! glorious  
Guards of the church victorious!  
Worship the Lamb!



---

Crown Him with crowns of light,  
One of the Three by right,—  
Love,—Majesty,—and Might,—  
The Great I AM!

---

LADY OF LORETTO!

HAIL, holy Virgin! Mary—Hail!  
Whose tender mercies never fail;  
Mother of Christ, of grace divine,  
Of purity the spotless shrine,—  
Mother of God, with virtues crown'd  
Most faithful—pitiful—renown'd  
Deign from thy throne to look on me  
And hear my mournful Litany.

Mirror of justice, and of joy,  
Wisdom itself without alloy;  
Vessel of honor, and of grace,  
Beholding Jesus face to face:  
Mystical Rose of rich perfume,—  
Beauty of beauties, bathed in bloom:

---

Deign from thy throne to look on me,  
And hear my solemn Litany.

Thou Ivory Tower, beyond compare,  
Like that of David, yet more rare ;  
Palace of peace, and House of Gold,  
Ark of the Covenant of old ;—  
Gate of that heaven beheld afar,  
And of dark night the Morning Star :  
Deign from thy throne to look on me,  
And listen to my Litany.

Health of the weak, to make them strong,  
Refuge of sinners, and their song ;  
Comfort of each afflicted breast,  
Haven of hope in realms of rest ;—  
Queen of the patriarchs gone before,  
Light of the prophets' learned lore :  
Deign from thy throne to look on me,  
And hear my lowly Litany.

Queen of the thousand thousand quires,  
Where angels sweep unnumber'd lyres ;  
Queen of apostles, where they reign  
Assessors to the Lamb once slain ;

---

Queen of the martyrs—where they  
In raiment whiter wash'd than snow  
Queen of all virgins, look on me,  
And listen to my Litany.

Lead me, oh! lead me to thy Son,  
To taste and feel what He has done  
To lay me low before his cross,  
And reckon all besides as dross;  
To speak, and think, and will, and  
And love, as thou wouldst have me  
Oh! look upon this bended knee,  
And hear my heart's own Litany.

---

HYMN TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

FOR THE SOULS IN PURGATORY

O TURN to Jesus, Mother! turn,  
And call Him by his tenderest name  
Pray for the Holy Souls that burn  
This hour amid the cleansing flame.

---

Ah! they have fought a gallant fight ;  
In death's cold arms they persevered ;  
And after life's uncheery night  
The harbor of their rest is near'd.

In pains beyond all earthly pains,  
Favorites of Jesus ! there they lie,  
Letting the fire wear out their stains,  
And worshipping God's purity.

Spouses of Christ they are, for He  
Was wedded to them by his blood ;  
The faithful Cross their trysting-tree,  
Their marriage-bed its hallow'd wood.

They are the children of thy tears ;  
Then hasten, Mother ! to their aid ;  
In pity think each hour appears  
An age while glory is delay'd.

See, how they bound amid their fires,  
While pain and love their spirits fill ;  
Then with self-crucified desires  
Utter sweet murmurs, and lie still.

---

Ah me! the love of Jesus yearns  
O'er that abyss of sacred pain,  
And as He looks his Bosom burns  
With Calvary's dear thirst again.

O Mary! let thy Son no more  
His lingering Spouses thus expe  
God's children to their God restore  
And to the Spirit his elect.

Pray then, as thou hast ever pray'd  
Angels and Souls, all look to the  
God waits thy prayers, for He hath  
Those prayers his law of charity.

---

## EVENING HYMN TO THE BLESSED VI

[By a Sister of Charity.]

At evening's silent hour,  
When faint shadows rest on the silent  
When the winds are hush'd, and the  
gleams,  
Sweet Mother! I call on thee.

Unto thy shrine I come,  
With a heavy heart by danger press'd,  
As the trembling Dove which had fled its nest,  
O Dulcis Maria, hear.

Receive the stricken one,  
From the guilt of sin, and the threatening foe,  
Oh ! protect thy child, and thy love bestow,  
Virgo Maria audi !

---

LADY ! STAR OF BRIGHTEST RAY.

[From the Spanish.]

LADY ! star of brightest ray,  
Which this world of darkness guides,  
Light thy pilgrim on his way,  
For his soul in thee confides !

Thou art like the fragrant bough  
Of the beauteous cassia-tree—  
Like the orient myrrh art thou,  
Whose sweet breath is worthy thee.

---

---

Lady! when the sufferer mourns,  
'Tis to thee he bends his eye:  
'Tis to thee the sinner turns,  
Virgin of the cloudless sky!

Thee has Wisdom's Son compared  
To the towering cedar-trees;  
And the church which thou dost guard,  
To Mount Sion's cypresses.

Thou art like the palm-trees green,  
Which their richest fruits have given.  
Thou the olive—radiant queen!  
Blooming in the bower of heaven.

Brightest planet of the sea,  
Dazzling gate in heaven's abode—  
Virgin in the agony,  
Mother, daughter, spouse of God!

Though the curse that Eve had brought  
O'er her children, threatening stood,  
All the evils that she wrought,  
Lady! thou hast turn'd to good.

---

! pray for thy children, and guard and defend  
them,  
and ask of our Father, thy Maker, that we  
may faithfully serve Him,—may love and adore  
Him  
in heaven, sweet Angel! uniting with thee.  
Oh! fondly watch o'er us, &c.

---

HYMN TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

[For Children.]

DEAR Angel! ever at my side,  
How loving must thou be  
To leave thy home in Heaven to guard  
A little child like me.

Thy beautiful and shining face  
I see not, though so near;  
The sweetness of thy soft low voice  
I am too deaf to hear.



- 
7. Mother of God! let my poor love  
A mother's prayers and pity move.
  8. Oh Mary, when I come to die,  
Be thou, thy spouse, and Jesus nig
  9. When mute before the Judge I sta  
My holy shield be Mary's hand.
  10. Oh Mary! let no child of thine  
In hell's eternal exile pine.
  11. If time for penance still be mine,  
Mother, the precious gift is thine.
  12. Thou, Mary, art my hope and life,  
The starlight of this earthly strife.
  13. Oh, for my own, and others' sin,  
Do thou, who canst, free pardon v
  14. To sinners all, to me the chief,  
Send, Mother, send thy kind relief
  15. To thee our love and troth are giv  
Pray for us, pray, bright Gate of I
-

- 
6. Sweet Day-Star! let thy beauty be  
A light to draw my soul to thee.
  7. We love thee, light of sinners' eyes!  
O let thy prayer for sinners rise.
  8. Look at us, Mother Mary! see  
How piteously we look to thee.
  9. I am thy slave, nor would I be  
For worlds from this sweet bondage free.
  0. Oh Jesus, Joseph, Mary, deign  
My soul in heavenly ways to train.
  1. Sweet Stewardess of God, thy prayers  
We beg, who are God's ransom'd heirs.
  2. Oh Virgin-born! Oh Flesh Divine!  
Cleanse us, and make us wholly thine.
  3. Mary, dear Mistress of my heart,  
What thou wouldst have me do impart.
  4. Thou, who wert pure as driven snow,  
Make me as thou wert here below.

25. Oh Queen of Heaven! obtain for me  
Thy glory there one day to see.
26. O then and there, on that bright day,  
To me thy womb's chaste Fruit display.
27. Mother of God! to me no less  
Vouchsafe a mother's sweet caress.
28. Be love of thee, my whole life long,  
A seal upon my wayward tongue.
29. Write on my heart's most sacred core  
The five dear Wounds that Jesus bore.
30. O give me tears to shed with thee  
Beneath the Cross on Calvary.
31. One more request, and I have done;—  
With love of thee and thy dear Son,  
More let me burn, and more each day,  
Till love of self is burn'd away.
-

---

OFFERING TO OUR LADY.

[Before her picture.]

MOTHER! to thee myself I yield,  
Console me in the hour of pain;  
Be thou my life's support and shield,  
And by me, at my death, remain!

---

HYMN TO ST. JOSEPH.

HAIL! holy Joseph, hail!  
Husband of Mary, hail!  
Chaste as the lily flower  
In Eden's peaceful vale.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
Father of Christ esteem'd!  
Father be thou to those  
Thy Foster-Son redeem'd.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
Prince of the house of God,  
May his best graces be  
By thy sweet hands bestow'd

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
Comrade of angels, hail!  
Cheer thou the hearts that faint  
And guide the steps that fail.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
God's choice wert thou alone  
To thee the Word made flesh  
Was subject as a Son.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
Teach us our flesh to tame,  
And, Mary, keep the hearts  
That love thy husband's nam

Mother of Jesus! bless,  
And bless, ye Saints on high,  
All meek and simple souls  
That to Saint Joseph cry.

---

THE PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH.

DEAR Husband of Mary! dear Nurse of her Child!  
Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild;  
Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we see;  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! we lean upon thee.

For thou to the pilgrim art Father and Guide,  
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side;  
Ah! blessed Saint Joseph! how safe should I be,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou wert with me!

O blessed Saint Joseph! how great was thy worth,  
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,  
The Father of Jesus—ah! then wilt thou be,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a father to me?

Thou hast not forgotten the long dreary road,  
When Mary took turns with thee, bearing thy  
God;  
Yet light was that burden, none lighter could be:  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O canst thou bear me?

A cold thankless heart and a mean love of ease  
What weights, blessed Patron! more galling  
these?

My life, my past life, thy clear vision may see  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O canst thou  
me?

Ah! give me thy Burden to bear for a while  
Let me kiss his warm lips, and adore his smile;

With her Babe in my arms, surely Mary will  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! my pleader  
thee!

When the treasures of God were unsheltered  
earth,  
Safe keeping was found for them both in  
worth;

O Father of Jesus! be father to me,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! and I will love thee

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—wilt thou  
Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now?  
There is no Saint in Heaven I worship like thee  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O deign to love me

## CHRISTMAS VESPER HYMN.

DEPART awhile, each thought of care,  
Be earthly things forgotten all ;  
And speak, my soul, thy vesper prayer ;  
Obedient to that sacred call.  
For hark ! the pealing chorus swells ;  
Devotion chants the hymn of praise,  
And now of joy and hope it tells,  
Till fainting on the ear, it says—  
Gloria tibi Domine,  
Domine, Domine.

Thine, wondrous babe of Galilee !  
Fond theme of David's harp and song,  
Thine are the notes of minstrelsy—  
To thee its ransom'd chords belong.  
And hark ! again the chorus swells,  
The song is wafted on the breeze,  
And to the listening earth it tells—  
In accents soft and sweet as these—  
Gloria tibi Domine.



---

My heart doth feel that still He's near,  
To meet the soul in hours like this,  
Else—why, O why, that falling tear!  
When all is peace and love and bliss!  
But hark! that pealing chorus swells  
Anew, its thrilling vesper strain,  
And still of joy and hope it tells,  
And bids creation sing again—  
Gloria tibi Domine.

---

## ST. PATRICK.

GRATEFUL notes to heaven ascending,  
To the world new joys proclaim,  
Faith and love together blending,  
We revere our Patrick's name.  
Happy Saint! in bliss adoring,  
Jesus, Saviour of mankind,  
Hear thy children thee imploring;  
May we thy protection find.

---

Pagan priests, their dark delusion,  
Long had o'er Hibernia spread,  
Patrick came—and in confusion,  
Demons from his presence fled.

Happy Saint, &c.

Lo! their infant arms extending,  
Erin's children crave his aid,  
To their wants the Saint attending,  
Soon their heavenly call obey'd.

Happy Saint, &c.

Prisons, insults, ev'ry danger,  
On our Prelate's mission wait,  
Patrick still, to fear a stranger,  
Trusts to bounteous heaven his fate.

Happy Saint, &c.

Sickness flies, his voice obeying,  
Sightless eyes behold the day,  
And the power of God displaying,  
Death unwilling yields his prey.

Happy Saint, &c.

May it by Thee be moved to love,  
And taught thy saving grace to improve.  
Take, then, my thoughts from all but Thee  
To Thee, may ev'ry impulse tend.  
What 'vails to tell my misery ?

I have my God—my guest—my friend:  
So be his praise my only theme !  
All wants my Saviour will redeem.  
My Saviour knows whate'er I need—  
He gives Himself: and shall I plead  
For other boons? No ! let me raise  
Mine ev'ry thought in love and praise.  
Dear Lord, no other prayer I form  
Than for devotion pure and warm.  
May warm devotion fill my soul ;  
May love for Thee each thought control ;  
May piety increase ; and prayer  
Mine ev'ry thought, word, action share ;  
The gift of love my sole request—  
Thou, God of love ! wilt grant the rest.

Dear Lord ! may this communion prove  
A never-failing bond of love.

Forgive my coldness, and supply  
 Mine every weak deficiency.  
 May thy best grace suffice for all,  
 And every wayward sense enthrall :  
 Such grace on every feeling pour  
 As ne'er may leave thy servant more :  
 Each hope, each impulse firmly bind  
 In grace to Thee, my Saviour kind :  
 Such saving grace, dear Lord, be given  
 As leads the happy soul to heaven.

And Thou, Eternal Godhead ! see  
 The Son beloved once given for me ;  
 Who, for my sake, bore life and death,  
 And cheers me still these veils beneath ;  
 See my Redeemer—now the guest  
 Of this poor, lowly, honor'd breast ;  
 See—see thy Jesus ; Him I bring :  
 Accept—accept mine offering :  
 Accept the Sacrifice which pleads  
 For all thy grateful servant needs.

---

## HYMN FOR CONFIRMATION.

MY God, accept my heart this day,  
And make it always thine,—  
That I from Thee no more may stray,  
No more from Thee decline.

Before the cross of Him who died,  
Behold I prostrate fall :  
Let every sin be crucified,—  
Let Christ be all in all !

Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,  
Adopt me for thine own,—  
That I may see thy glorious face,  
And worship at thy throne !

May the dear blood, once shed for me,  
My blest atonement prove,—  
That I from first to last may be  
The purchase of thy love !

---

Let every thought, and work, and word,  
To Thee be ever given,—  
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven!

---

## THE WILL OF GOD.

"Thy will be done."

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God!  
And all thy ways adore,  
And every day I live I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule  
Of Jesu's toils and tears;  
Thou wert the passion of his Heart  
Those Three-and-Thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul  
A special love of thee,  
A love to lose my will in his,  
And by that loss be free.

I love to see thee bring to naught  
The plans of wily men ;  
When simple Hearts outwit the wise,  
O thou art loveliest then !

The headstrong world, it presses hard  
Upon the Church full oft,  
And then how easily thou turn'st  
The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where thou  
Hast set thine unseen feet :  
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will !  
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison-walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to thee.

I know not what it is to doubt,  
My heart is ever gay ;  
I run no risk, for come what will  
Thou always hast thy way.

---

I have no cares, O blessed Will!  
For all my cares are thine;  
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou  
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change  
From grief can set me free,  
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
And gayly waits on thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God  
Its end can never miss,  
For men on earth no work can do  
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,  
Thou glorious Will! ride on;  
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take  
The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost;  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.



---

Ill that He blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be his sweet Will!

---

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

My Soul! what hast thou done for God?  
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;  
Sum up what thou hast done for God,  
And then what God hath done for thee.

He made thee when He might have made  
A soul that would have loved Him more;  
He rescued thee from nothingness,  
And set thee on life's happy shore.

He placed an angel at thy side,  
And strewed joys round thee on thy way;  
He gave thee rights thou couldst not claim,  
And life, free life, before thee lay.

---

Had God in heaven no work to do  
But miracles of love for thee?  
No world to rule, no joy in Self  
And in his own infinity?

So must it seem to our blind eyes :  
He gave his love no Sabbath rest,  
Still plotting happiness for men;  
And new designs to make them blest.

From out his glorious Bosom came  
His only, his Eternal Son ;  
He freed the race of Satan's slaves,  
And with his Blood sin's captives won.

The world rose up against his love ;  
New love the vile rebellion met,  
As though God only look'd at sin  
Its guilt to pardon and forget.

For his Eternal Spirit came  
To raise the thankless slaves to sons,  
And with the sevenfold gifts of love  
To crown his own elected ones.

---

Men spurned his grace ; their lips blasphemed  
The love that made itself their slave :  
They grieved that blessed Comforter,  
And turned against Him what He gave.

Yet still the sun is fair by day,  
The moon still beautiful by night ;  
The world goes round, and joy with it,  
And life, free life, is men's delight.

No voice God's wondrous silence breaks,  
No hand put forth his anger tells ;  
But He, the Omnipotent and Dread,  
On high in humblest patience dwells.

The Son hath come ; and maddened sin  
The world's Creator crucified ;  
The Spirit comes, and stays, while men  
His presence doubt, his gifts deride.

And now the Father keeps Himself,  
In patient and forbearing love,  
To be his creature's heritage  
In that undying life above.

---

O wonderful, O passing thought,  
The love that God hath had for thee!  
Spending on thee no less a sum  
Than the Undivided Trinity!

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Exhausted for a thing like this,—  
The world's whole government disposed  
For one ungrateful creature's bliss!

What hast thou done for God, my soul?  
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;  
Cry from thy worse than nothingness,  
Cry for his mercy upon thee!

---

SURSUM CORDA:

“LIFT up your hearts!” Yes, I will lift  
My heart and soul, dear Lord, to Thee,  
Who every good and perfect gift  
Vouchsaf’st so lavishly and free.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!  
If Thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways  
I'll build a nest for Thee.

My heart, sweet Dove! I'll lend to Thee  
To mourn with at thy will;  
My tongue shall be thy lute to try  
On sinners' souls thy skill.

How silver-like thy plumage is!  
Thy voice how grave, how gay!  
Ah me! how I shall miss Thee, Lord!  
Then promise me to stay!

Who made this beating heart of mine,  
But Thou my heavenly Guest?  
Let no one have it then but Thee,  
And let it be thy nest.

---

## DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

AH! dearest Lord! I cannot pray,  
My fancy is not free ;  
Unmannerly distractions come,  
And force my thoughts from Thee.

The world that looks so dull all day  
Glow's bright on me at prayer,  
And plans that ask no thought but then  
Wake up and meet me there.

All nature one full fountain seems  
Of dreamy sight and sound,  
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,  
And makes a deluge round.

Old voices murmur in my ear,  
New hopes start into life,  
And past and future gayly blend  
In one bewitching strife.

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will  
Dry as the desert sand,  
Good thoughts that will not come  
Thoughts  
That come without command,—

A faith that seems not faith, a hope  
That cares not for its aim,  
A love that none the hotter grows  
At Jesu's blessed name,—

The weariness of prayer, the mist  
O'er conscience overspread,  
The chill repugnance to frequent  
The Feast of Angels' Bread,—

The torment of unsettled thoughts  
That cannot fix on Thee,  
And in the dread confessional  
Hard, cold fidelity :—

If this drear change be thine, O Lord!  
If it be thy sweet will,  
Spare not, but to the very brim  
The bitter chalice fill.

---

Had I, dear Lord! no pleasure found  
But in the thought of Thee,  
Prayer would have come unsought, and been  
A truer liberty.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord!  
In weak distracted prayer;  
A sinner out of heart with self  
Most often finds Thee there.

And prayer that humbles, sets the soul  
From all illusions free,  
And teaches it how utterly,  
Dear Lord! it hangs on Thee.

The soul, that on self sacrifice  
Is covetously bent,  
Will bless thy chastening hand that makes  
Its prayer its punishment.

Ah, Jesus! why should I complain?  
And why fear aught but sin?  
Distractions are but outward things;  
Thy peace dwells far within!



These surface-troubles come and go,  
Like ruffings of the sea ;  
The deeper depth is out of reach  
To all, my God, but Thee !

---

## SWEETNESS IN PRAYER.

Why dost thou beat so quick, my hear  
Why struggle in thy cage ?  
What shall I do for thee, poor heart !  
Thy throbbing heat to swage ?

What spell is this come over thee ?  
My soul ! what sweet surprise ?  
And wherefore these unbidden tears  
That start into mine eyes ?

How are my passions laid to sleep,  
How easy penance seems !  
And how the bright world fades away—  
O are they all but dreams ?

---

How great, how good does God appear,  
How dear our holy faith!  
How tasteless life's best joys have grown!  
How I could welcome death!

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord!  
Dear Spirit! it is Thou;  
Deeper and deeper in my heart  
I feel Thee nestling now.

Whence Thou hast come I need not ask;  
But, O most gentle Dove!  
O wherefore hast Thou lit on one  
That so repays thy love?

Ah! that Thou mightest stay with me,  
Or else that I might die  
While heart and soul are still subdued  
With thy sweet mastery.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!  
The simple are thy rest;  
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;  
Thou makest there thy nest.

In thy service, pain is pleasure,—  
With thy favor, loss is gain.  
I have called Thee, Abba Father!  
I have set my heart on Thee :  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath  
All will work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me ;—  
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee !

Soul.—then know thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find in every station,  
Something still to do or bear.  
Think what spirit dwells within thee,  
Think what sacraments are thine ;  
Think that Jesus died to win thee :  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

---

Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Arm'd with faith, and wing'd with prayer,—  
An eternal day before thee  
Waits for God to guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,  
Patience shall thy spirit raise;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise!

---

SUB CRUCE CHRISTI.

**SWEET** the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying Friend:  
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;  
Precious drops my soul bedewing  
Make my final peace with God!

Truly blessed is this station,—  
Low before the cross to lie,

Resting in the sweet compassion  
Of his mortal agony!  
Here alone I find my heaven,  
On the Lamb to humbly gaze;  
Feel how much has been forgiven,  
To his own eternal praise!

Love and grief my heart dividing,  
Here I'll spend my latest breath;  
Constant still in faith abiding,—  
Life deriving from his death;  
May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go,—  
Prove each day his wounds more healing  
And Himself more deeply know!

---

BEFORE OR AFTER A RECEPTION OF MEMBERSHIP  
OR FOR CONFRATERNITIES. ●

SOLDIERS of Christ! arise!  
And put your armor on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son;

---

Strong is the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.

Soldiers of Christ! arise!  
The God of armies calls  
Unto his mansions in the skies—  
His everlasting halls:  
Behold! the angel host appears  
To welcome you to bliss;  
Oh! what is earth, its sighs and tears,  
Its joys compared to this!

Crush'd is the haughty foe,  
His might, his glory gone,  
But ye, with victory crown'd, shall go  
To Christ's eternal throne.  
There shall the conqueror rest,  
And in that blest abode,  
For ever reign amid the blest,  
Triumphant with his God.

---

**THE VOW.**

[By a Sister of Charity.]

BRIGHT Angels who attend  
Around our altar now,  
Your wonted cares suspend  
List to the holy Vow,  
Which, while the sacrifice  
Of Heaven's eternal love  
Pleads for us every grace,  
Is heard in Heaven above.

Jesus! my happy heart  
Now gives itself to Thee  
O! never hence depart,  
Reign here eternally.  
Thy sacred name alone,  
All my delight shall prove  
No joy my soul shall own,  
But in thy holy love.

And, oh! in after years,  
When life is fading fast,

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When flow repentant tears,  
Cancelling errors past,  
Still shall that holy vow,  
Be breathed to Heaven,  
And fervently as now,  
My heart to Thee be given.

---

## THE CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL AT SUNRISE

SOIL not thy plumage, gentle dove,  
With sublunary things,—  
Till in the fount of light and love,  
Thou shalt have bathed thy wings.

Shall Nature from her couch arise,  
And rise for thee in vain ?  
While heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,  
Such types of truth contain.

See—where the Sun of Righteousness,  
Unfolds the gates of day :  
Go,—meet Him in his glorious dress,  
And quaff the orient ray !



There, where ten thousand seraphs  
To crown the circling hours,—  
Soar thou,—and from that blissful la  
Bring down unfading flowers :

Some Rose of Sharon, dyed in blood  
Some spice of Gilead's balm,  
Some lily washed in Calvary's flood,  
Some branch of heavenly palm !

And let the drops of sparkling dew,  
From Siloa's spring be shed,  
To form a fragrance fresh and new,  
A halo round thy head.

Spread then thy plumes of faith and  
Nor fear to wend away ;  
And let a glow of heavenly air,  
Gild every earthly day !

---

## BONA MORS.

*"Moriatur animus mea morte justorum."*

Numb. xxxiii. 10.

WHILST I dwell, O my God, in this valley of  
tears,

For refuge and comfort I fly unto Thee;  
And when death's awful hour with its terrors  
appears.

O merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.

When my soul, on the verge of its final release,  
By the shadows of death o'erclouded shall be;  
When earthly enjoyments for ever shall cease,  
Thou, Joy of the Dying, bring mercy to me.

When my strength shall decline, and my anguish  
increase,

And my sins beyond number with terror I'll  
see;

When I turn to thy mercy for pardon and peace,  
Then, Hope of the Sinner, beam brightly on  
me.

When weaken'd by illness—by terror oppr  
My pains and my terrors I offer to Thee  
When vainly I seek for some solace or rest  
Then, Strength of the Martyrs, bring co  
to me.

When my reason shall fail, and my life  
decay ;  
When the scenes of this world shall v  
and flee ;  
When sunshine and shower alike pass awa  
Then, Light of the Blessed, shine sweet  
me.

When heedless of earth and of all that sur  
me,  
For pardon and mercy I'll call upon Thee  
When death with its fetters for ever has t  
me,  
Then Jesus,—sweet Jesus,—be Jesus to

When weeping my friends shall with I  
implore Thee,  
My strength, my protector, my succor to

---

When helpless and lonely, I tremble before  
Thee,  
Then, Fountain of Mercy, have mercy on me.

Then, dear Lord, the dark chain of my mis'ries  
sever;

Then, Rest of the weary one, call me to thee;  
Then, Crown of the Just, be my portion for  
ever;

Then, merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.

END OF PART II.



1

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3

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PART III.

Sacred Poetry.

SELECTED FROM APPROVED SOURCES.

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# SACRED POETRY:

SELECTED FROM APPROVED SOURCES.

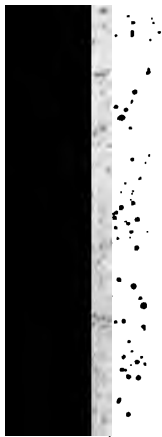
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THOU ART OF ALL CREATED THINGS.

[From the Spanish of Calderon's *Purgatory of St. Patrick*.]

THOU art of all created things,  
O Lord, the essence and the cause—  
The source and centre of all bliss;  
What are those veils of woven light,  
Where sun and moon and stars unite—  
The purple morn, the spangled night—  
But curtains which thy mercy draws  
Between the heavenly world and this?  
The terrors of the sea and land—  
When all the elements conspire,  
The earth and water, storm and fire—  
Are but the sketches of thy hand;





---

Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When Day, with farewell beams delays  
Among the opening clouds of Even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into Heaven—  
Those hues that mark the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When Youthful Spring around us breathes,  
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,  
And every flower the summer wreathes,  
Is born beneath that kindling eye—  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

## JESUS CRUCIFIED.

O COME and mourn with me awl  
See, Mary calls us to her side  
O come and let us mourn with l  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Have we no tears to shed for Hi  
While soldiers scoff and Jews  
Ah! look how patiently he hang  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

How fast his Hands and Feet are  
His blessed Tongue with thirs  
His failing Eyes are blind with b  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

His Mother cannot reach his Fac  
She stands in helplessness besi  
Her heart is martyr'd with her Sc  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

---

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,  
And all three hours his silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men :—  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

What was thy crime, my dearest Lord ?  
By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,  
And guilty found of too much love ;—  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Found guilty of excess of love,  
It was thine own sweet will that tied  
Thee tighter far than helpless nails ;—  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Death came, and Jesus meekly bow'd ;  
His falling Eyes He strove to guide  
With mindful love to Mary's face ;—  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

O break, O break, hard heart of mine !  
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride  
His Pilate and his Judas were ;—  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

---

Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross  
And let the Blood from out that Side  
Fall gently on thee drop by drop ;—  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

A broken heart, a fount of tears,—  
Ask, and they will not be denied ;  
A broken heart love's cradle is ;—  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

O Love of God ! O Sin of Man !  
In this dread act your strength is tried  
And victory remains with love,  
For He, our Love, is crucified !

---

THE DESCENT OF JESUS TO LIMBUS.

THOUSANDS of years had come and gone,  
And slow the ages seem'd to move  
To those expectant souls that fill'd  
That prison-house of patient love.

---

It was a weary watch of theirs,  
But onward still their hopes would press ;  
Captives they were, yet happy too,  
In their contented weariness.

As noiseless tides the ample depths  
Of some capacious harbor fill,  
So grew the calm of that dread place  
Each day with increase swift and still.

Sweet tidings there St. Joseph took ;  
The Saviour's work had then begun,  
And of his Three-and-Thirty Years  
But three alone were left to run.

And Eve like Joseph's shadow hung  
About him wheresoe'er he went ;  
She lived on thoughts of Mary's Child,  
Trembled with hope, and was content.

But see ! how hush'd the crowd of souls !  
Whence comes the light of upper day ?  
What glorious Form is this that finds  
Through central earth its ready way ?

---

The God! 'tis Man! The living Soul  
Of Jesus, beautiful and bright,  
The first-born of created things,  
Flam'd with a pure resplendent light.

'Twas Mary's Child! Eve saw Him come  
She drew from Joseph's haunted side,  
And worshipp'd, first of all that crowd,  
The Soul of Jesus crucified.

So after four long thousand years  
Faith reach'd her end, and Hope her air  
And from them, as they pass'd away,  
Love lit her everlasting flame!

---

THE APPEARANCE OF JESUS TO OUR BLESSED LADY

● O QUEEN of Sorrows! raise thine eyes;  
See! the first light of dawn is there;  
The hour is come, and thou must end  
Thy Forty Hours of lonely prayer.

---

Day dawns; it brightens on the hill :  
New grace, new powers within her wake,  
Lest the full tide of joy should crush  
The heart that sorrow could not break.

O never yet had Acts of Hope  
Been offer'd to the Throne on high,  
Like those that died on Mary's lip,  
And beam'd from out her glistening eye.

Hush! there is silence in her heart,  
Deeper than when St. Gabriel spoke,  
And upon midnight's tingling ear  
The bless'd Ave sweetly broke.

Ah me! what wondrous change is this!  
What trembling floods of noiseless light!  
Jesus before his Mother stands,  
Jesus, all beautiful and bright!

He comes! He comes! and will she run  
With freest love her Child to greet?  
He came! and she, his creature, fell  
Prostrate at her Creator's Feet.



He raised her up ; He press'd her head  
Gently against his wounded Side ;  
He gave her spirit strength to bear  
The sight of Jesus Glorified.

From out his Eyes, from out his Wound  
A power of awful beauty shone ;  
O how the speechless Mother gazed  
Upon the glory of her Son !

She could not doubt: 'twas truly He  
Who had been with her from the first  
The very eyes, the mouth, the hair,  
The very Babe whom she had nursed

Her burden o'er the desert sands,  
The helpmate of her toils,—'twas He,  
He by whose deathbed she had stood  
Long hours beneath the bleeding Tree

His crimson Wounds, they shone like stars  
His beaming hand was raised to bless  
The sweetness of his voice had hush'd  
The angels into silentness.

---

His sacred Flesh, like spirit, glow'd,  
Glow'd with immortal beauty's might;  
His smiles were like the virgin rays  
That sprang from new-created light.

When wilt thou drink that beauty in?  
Mother! when wilt thou satisfy  
With those adoring looks of love  
The thirst of thine extatic eye?

Not yet, not yet thy wondrous joy  
Is fill'd to its mysterious brim;  
Thou hast another sight to see  
To which this vision is but dim!

Jesus into his Mother's heart  
A special gift of strength did pour,  
That she might bear what none had borne  
Amid the sons of earth before.

O let not words be bold to tell  
What in the Mother's heart was done,  
When for a moment Mary saw  
The unshrouded Godhead of her Son.

---

What bliss for us that Jesus gave  
To her such wondrous gifts and po  
It is a joy the joys were hers.  
For Mary's joys are doubly ours!

---

THE MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

No track is on the sunny sky,  
No footprints on the air ;  
Jesus hath gone ; the face of earth  
Is desolate and bare.

The blessed feet of Mary's Son,  
They tread the streets no more ;  
His soul-converting voice gives no  
Its music as before.

His Mother sits all worshipful  
With her majestic mien ;  
The princes of the infant Church  
Are gather'd round their Queen.

They gaze on her with raptured eyes,  
Her features are like his,  
Her presence is their ample strength,  
Her face reflects their bliss.

That Upper Room is heaven on earth ;  
Within its precincts lie  
All that earth has of faith, or hope,  
Or heaven-born charity.

The Eye of God looks down on them,  
His love is centred there ;  
His Spirit yearns to be o'ercome  
By their sweet strife of prayer.

The Mother prays her mighty prayer,  
In accents meek and faint,  
And highest heaven is quick to own  
The beautiful constraint.

The Eternal Son takes up the prayer  
Upon his royal throne ;  
The Son his human Mother hears,  
The Sire his equal Son.

---

The Spirit hears, and He consents  
His mission to fulfill ;  
For what is ask'd hath ever been  
His own eternal will.

Ten days and nights in Acts Divine  
Of awful love were spent,  
While Mary and her children pray'd  
The Spirit might be sent.

The joy of angels grew and grew  
On Mary's wondrous prayer,  
And the Divine Complacence stoop'd  
To feed his glory there.

Her eyes to heaven were humbly raised,  
While for her Spouse she pray'd ;  
Methought the sweetness of her prayer  
His blissful coming stay'd.

For ever coming did He seem,  
For ever on the wing ;  
His chosen angels round his Throne  
Now gazed, now ceased to sing.

---

How beautiful, how passing speech,  
The Dove did then appear.  
As the hour of his humility  
At Mary's word drew near!

The hour was come; the wings of love  
By his own will were freed:  
The hour was come; the Eternal Three  
His mission had decreed.

Then for his love of worthless men,  
His love of Mary's worth,  
His beauteous wings the Dove outspread,  
And wing'd his flight to earth.

O wondrous Flight! He left not heaven,  
Though earth's low fields He won,  
But in the Bosom still reposed  
Of Father and of Son.

O Flight! O blessed Flight of Love!  
Let me thy mercies share:  
Grant it, sweet Dove! for my poor soul  
Was part of Mary's prayer!

## THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

O MIGHTY Mother! why that light  
In thine uplifted eye?  
Why that resplendent look of more  
Than queenlike majesty?

O waitest thou in this thy joy  
For Gabriel once again?  
Is heaven about to part, and make  
The Blessed Vision plain?

She sat; beneath her shadow were  
The Chosen of her Son;  
Within each heart and on each face  
Her power and spirit shone.

Hers was the courage they had won  
From her prevailing prayers;  
They gazed on her, until her heart  
Began to beat in theirs.

---

Her Son had left that heart to them :  
For ten long nights and days,  
The Saviour gone, no Spirit come,  
She ruled their infant ways.

Queen of the Church ! around thee shines  
The purest light of heaven,  
And all created things to thee  
For thy domain are given !

Why waitest thou then so abash'd,  
Wrapt in extatic fear,  
Speechless with adoration, hush'd,—  
Hush'd as though God were near ?

She is a creature ! See ! she bows,  
She trembles though so great ;—  
Created Majesty o'erwhelm'd  
Before the Increate !

He comes ! He comes ! That mighty Breath  
From heaven's eternal shores ;  
His uncreated freshness fills  
His Bride as she adores.



Earth quakes before that rushing blast  
Heaven echoes back the sound,  
And mightily the tempest wheels  
That Upper Room around.

One moment—and the silentness  
Was breathless as the grave ;  
The flutter'd earth forgot to quake,  
The troubled trees to wave.

One moment—and the Spirit hung  
O'er her with dread desire ;  
Then broke upon the heads of all  
In cloven tongues of fire.

Who knows in what a sea of love  
Our Lady's heart He drown'd ?  
Or what new gifts He gave her then  
What ancient gifts He crown'd ?

Grace was so multiplied on her,  
So grew within her heart,  
She stands alone, earth's miracle,  
A being all apart.

---

Faith of our Fathers! we will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife:  
And preach thee too, as love knows how,  
By kindly words and virtuous life:  
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!

---

## ST. PHILIP'S HOME.\*

Recordare, Virgo Mater, in conspectu Dei, ut loquaris pro  
nobis bona.

*Missale Romanum.*

O Mary! Mother Mary! our tears are flowing  
fast,  
For mighty Rome, St. Philip's home, is desolate  
and waste;

\* These earnest lines, from the pen of Rev. Mr. Faber, are thought to be worth preserving, although the danger which called them forth is past, let us hope, for ever. Mr. Faber is a priest of the oratory of St. Philip Neri: hence the allusions in his poem.

---

Ah! see, how like the Incarnate Word  
His blessed Self He lowers,  
To dwell with us invisibly,  
And make his riches ours.

Most humble Spirit! Mighty God!  
Sweet must thy Presence be,  
If loss of Jesus can be gain,  
So long as we have Thee!

---

“AND JESUS WEPT.”

St. John xi. 35.

BRIGHT were the mornings first impair  
O'er earth, and sea, and air;  
The birthdays of a rising world—  
For power divine was there.

But fairer shone the tears of God,  
For Lazarus, o'er his grave;  
Since love divine bedew'd the sod  
Of one He sought to save.

---

---

Sweet drops of grace, the pledges given  
Of Mercy's mighty plan,—  
That He, who was the Prince of heaven,  
Had pity upon man!

Let us thy dear example, Lord,  
Fix'd in our memories keep,—  
That we, obedient to thy word,  
May weep with those that weep.

---

PASTOR ANIMARUM.

[From the Spanish.]

COME, wandering sheep, O come!  
I'll bind thee to my breast;  
I'll bear thee to thy home,  
And lay thee down to rest.

I saw thee stray forlorn,  
And heard thee faintly cry,

---

And on the tree of scorn  
For thee I deign'd to die—  
What greater proof could I  
Give,—than to seek the tomb?  
Come, wandering sheep, O come!

I shield thee from alarms,  
And wilt thou not be blest?  
I bear thee in my arms;  
Thou, bear me in thy breast!  
O, this is love—come, rest—  
This is a blissful doom.  
Come, wandering sheep, O come!

---

HYMN OF THE CALABRIAN SHEPHERDS TO THE  
BLESSED VIRGIN.

DARKER and darker fall around  
The shadows from the pine;  
It is the hour with hymn and prayer  
To gather round thy shrine.

Hear us, sweet Mother! thou hast known  
• Our earthly hopes and fears,  
The bitterness of mortal toil  
The tenderness of tears.

We pray thee first for absent ones,  
• Those who knelt with us here—  
The father, brother, and the son,  
The distant and the dear.

We pray thee for the little bark  
Upon the stormy sea;  
Affection's anxiousness of love,  
Is it not known to thee?

The soldier, he who only sleeps  
His head upon his brand,  
• Who only in a dream can see  
His own beloved land.

The wandering Minstrel, he who gave  
Thy hymns his earliest tone,  
Who strives to teach a foreign tongue  
The music of his own.

---

Kind Mother, let them see again  
Their own Italian shore ;  
Back to the home which, wanting the  
Seems like a home no more.

Madonna, keep the cold north wind  
Amid his native seas,  
So that no withering blight come dov  
Upon our olive-trees.

And bid the sunshine glad our hills,  
The dew rejoice our vines,  
And bid the healthful sea-breeze swee  
In music through the pines.

Pray for us that our hearts and homes  
Be kept in fear and love ;  
Love for all things around our path ;  
And fear for those above.

Thy soft blue eyes are fill'd with tear  
Oh ! let them wash away  
The soil of our unworthiness :—  
Pray for us, Mother, pray !

---

We know how vain the fleeting flowers  
Around thine altar hung ;  
We know how humble is the hymn  
Before thine image sung.

But wilt thou not accept the wreath,  
And sanctify the lay ;  
We trust to thee our hopes and fears,—  
Pray for us, Mother, pray !

---

PORTUGUESE HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

STAR of the wide and pathless sea,  
Who lovest on mariners to shine,  
These votive garments wet, to thee  
We hang, within thy holy shrine.  
When o'er us flash'd the surging brine,  
Amid the warring waters toss'd,  
From earthly aid we turn'd to thine,  
And hoped, when other hope was lost.  
Ave Maris Stella !



---

Star of the vast and howling main,  
When dark and lone is all the sky,  
And mountain waves, o'er ocean's plain  
Erect their stormy heads on high ;  
When matrons by the hearthstone sit,  
They raise their weeping eyes to thee ;  
The star of ocean heeds their cry,  
And saves the foundering bark at sea.  
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the dark and stormy sea,  
When, wreaking tempests round us roll,  
Thy gentle virgin form we see,  
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.  
The howling storms that seem to crash  
Their victims, sink in music sweet ;  
The surging seas recede, to pave  
The path beneath thy glistening feet.  
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the desert waters wild,  
Who, pitying, hear'st the seaman's cry,  
The God of Mercy, as a child,  
On that chaste bosom loved to lie ;

---

While soft the chorus of the sky  
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,  
And angel voices named on high  
The Mother of the Heavenly King.  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! at that blest name  
The waves sleep silent round the keel,  
The tempests wild their fury tame,  
That made the deep foundations reel;  
The soft celestial accents steal  
So soothing through the realms of woe,  
That suffering souls a respite feel  
From torture in the depths below.  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas,  
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,  
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,  
O'er all that to the depths go down,  
With hymns of grateful transport own;  
When gathering clouds obscure their light,  
And heaven assumes an awful frown,  
The star of ocean glitters bright.  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! when angel lyres  
 To hymn thy holy name essay,  
 In vain a mortal harp aspires  
 To mingle in the mighty lay!  
 Mother of God! one living ray  
 Of hope our grateful bosoms fires,  
 When storms and tempests pass away,  
 To join the bright immortal choirs.  
 Ave Mariæ Stella!

### THE VIRGIN MOTHER

*Et sic dicitur Iamnia.*

As the Sun  
 O'er misty shrouds,  
 When he walks  
 Upon the clouds;

Or as when  
 The moon doth rise,  
 And refreshes  
 All the skies;

---

Or as when  
 The lily flower  
 Stands amid  
 The vernal bower ;

Or the water's  
 Glassy face,  
 Doth reflect  
 The starry space ;

Thus above  
 All mothers shone,  
 The mother of  
 The blessed One.

---

MOST HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

That it were as it was wont to be,  
 In thy old friends of fire, all full of Thee,  
 That against frowns with smiles! gave glo-  
 rious chase  
 To persecutions, and against the face

---

Oh! to be one, through life and  
 In Christ, with such as thee :  
 And when I yield my latest breath  
 Do thou remember me !

---

THE HOLY CITY.

*Me receptat Sion illa.*

[From the hymn of Hildebert, Archbishop  
 A. D. 1133, *Extra portam jam delatus*

MINE be Sion's habitation,  
 Sion, David's sure foundation :  
 Form'd of old by light's GREAT  
 Reach'd by Him, the MEDIATOR  
 An Apostle guards the portal  
 Denizen'd by forms immortal,  
 On a jasper pavement builded,  
 By its Monarch's radiance gild'd  
 Peace there dwelleth uninvaded  
 Spring perpetual, light unfaded

---

Odors rise with airy lightness ;  
Harpers strike their harps of brightness ;  
None one sigh for pleasure sendeth ;  
None can err, and none offendeth ;  
All, partakers of one nature,  
Grow in CHRIST to equal stature.  
Home celestial ! Home eternal !  
Home uprear'd by power Supernal !  
Home, no change or loss that fearest,  
From afar my soul thou cheerest :  
Thee it seeketh, thee requireth,  
Thee affecteth, thee desireth.  
But the gladness of thy nation,  
But their fullness of salvation,  
Vainly mortals strive to show it ;  
They—and they alone—can know it,  
The redeem'd from sin and peril,  
They who walk thy streets of beryl !  
Grant me, SAVIOUR, with thy Blessed  
Of thy Rest to be possessed,  
And, amid the joys it bringeth,  
Sing the song that none else singeth !

---

## THE ETERNAL FATHER.

My God! how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy Majesty how bright,  
How beautiful thy Mercy-Seat,  
In depths of burning light!

How dread are thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord!  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored!

How beautiful, how beautiful  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power  
And awful purity!

O how I fear Thee, Living God!  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears.

---

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord!  
Almighty as Thou art,  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

O then this worse than worthless heart  
In pity deign to take,  
And make it love Thee, for thyself  
And for thy glory's sake.

No earthly father loves like Thee,  
No mother half so mild  
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,  
With me thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God—  
O what a joy it is!  
To think the thought, to breathe the Name—  
Earth has no higher bliss!

Father of Jesus! love's Reward!  
What rapture will it be  
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,  
And gaze and gaze on Thee!



## HYMN 0

[For the anniversary of  
October

TE DEUM LA  
This glori  
From the bo  
A world h  
And He, wh  
The sun w  
Has brought  
And life o

TE DEUM LA  
Ye isles o  
Through age  
That slum  
Lift up your  
The shade  
Upon you, h  
Has turn'd

---

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS!

Ye nations that lie  
In the noon-tide of truth  
From the day-spring on high,  
Your songs of thanksgiving  
To GOD, the SUPREME,  
Pour forth without ceasing—  
SALVATION'S the theme!

---

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

She once was a lady of honor and wealth ;  
Bright glow'd in her features the roses of health ;  
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,  
And her motion shook perfume from every fold :  
They revell'd around her—love shone at her side,  
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride ;  
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding  
hall,  
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de  
Paul.

She strengthens the weary—she comforts the  
weak,

And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;  
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,  
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,  
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapors of  
death;

Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the  
sword,

Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.  
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted  
face,

With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;  
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,  
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!  
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain  
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and you  
days,

Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.

Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men—

Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,

---

How stands in the balance your eloquence  
weigh'd  
With the life and the deeds of that high-born  
maid ?

---

## THE SISTER OF MERCY.

SHE kneels at the couch where sickness lies,  
And soothes infirmity there,  
And, raising her heart to the hope in the skies,  
She whispers relief in prayer :  
And smiles with a beam such as angels give  
When the penitent soul's forgiven,  
And bids the dull hope of sadness live,  
And points to its home in heaven.

Like the ling'ring beam that eve's decline,  
Will paint on the vanishing day,  
Thus hope in its parting light will shine,  
Ere wingeth its spirit away—  
And smoothing in peace those closing eyes,  
" Oh ! " exclaims the Sister then,  
" Go, spirit to bliss." Wide Heaven replies,  
" Amen ! Amen ! Amen ! "

---

**THE MOTHER OF THE MACHABEES.**

THAT mother view'd the scene of blood ;  
Her six unconquer'd sons were gone ;  
Fearless she view'd—beside her stood  
Her last—her youngest—dearest one ;  
He looked upon her and he smiled ;  
Oh ! will she save that only child ?

“By all my love,—my son,” she said,  
“The breast that nursed,—the womb  
bore—  
The unsleeping care that watch'd thee,—fe  
Till manhood's years required no more ;  
By all I've wept and pray'd for thee,  
Now, now, be firm and pity me.

“Look, I beseech thee, on yon heaven,  
With its high field of azure light ;  
Look on this earth, to mankind given,  
Array'd in beauty and in might,  
And think, nor scorn thy mother's prayer,  
On him who said it—and they were !

---

“So shalt thou not this tyrant fear,  
Nor, recreant, shun the glorious strife ;  
Behold ! thy battle-field is near ;  
Then go, my son, nor heed thy life ;  
Go, like thy faithful brothers die,  
That I may meet you all on high.”

Like arrow from the bended bow,  
He sprang upon the bloody pile ;—  
Like sunrise on the morning's snow,  
'Was that heroic mother's smile :  
He died—nor fear'd the tyrant's nod—  
For Judah's law and Judah's God.

---

MARY MAGDALEN.

To the hall of that feast came the sinful and fair ;  
She heard in the city that Jesus was there ;  
She mark'd not the splendor that blazed on their  
board ;  
But silently knelt at the feet of her Lord.

The hair from her forehead, so sad and so meek,  
Hung dark o'er the blushes that burn'd on her  
cheek ;

And so still and so lowly she bent in her shame,  
It seem'd as her spirit had flown from its frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through  
them all,

That one so unhallow'd should tread in that hall ;  
And some said the poor would be objects more  
meet

For the wealth of the perfumes she shower'd at  
his feet.

She mark'd but her Saviour, she spoke but in sighs,  
She dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes ;  
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of  
her breast,

As her lips to his sandals she throbbingly press'd.

On the cloud after tempests, as shineth the bow,  
In the glance of the sun-beam, as melteth the  
snow,

He look'd on that lost one—her sins were forgiven ;  
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

## THE MILK-WHITE HIND.

[From Dryden's "Hind and Panther."]

A MILK-WHITE hind, immortal and unchanged,  
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged,  
Without unspotted, innocent within ;  
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin,—  
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and  
hounds  
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds,  
Aim'd at her heart ; was often forced to fly,  
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.  
Not so her young : for their unequal line  
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.  
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,  
Th' immortal part assumed immortal state.  
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,  
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood ;  
Their native walk ; whose vocal blood arose,  
And cry'd for pardon on their perjured foes.  
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,  
Indued with souls, increased the sacred breed.



So captive Israel multiplied in chains,  
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains  
With grief and gladness mix'd, the moth  
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race re  
Their corpse to perish, but their kind to  
So much the deathless plant the dying  
pass'd.

Pantive and pensive now she ranged alo  
And wander'd in the kingdoms once her  
The common hunt, though from their  
strain'd

By sovereign power, her company disdain'd  
Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glare  
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.

'Tis true, she bounded by, and tripp'd so  
They had not time to take a steady sigh  
For truth has such a face and such a mien  
As, to be loved, needs only to be seen.

---

## THE SODALIST'S HYMN.

**CHILDREN** of Mary, high your voices raise !

Ye, upon whom she casts a mother's eye ;  
Children of God sing her immortal praise,  
And all exalt her glory to the sky.

I see ascending to her throne serene,  
Like incense, her Sodalist's prayers combined,  
Each heart is made an altar, where the name  
Of Mary lives perpetually enshrined.

Children of Mary, &c.

When melancholy glooms her children's heart,  
Mary is present to bestow relief ;  
She tempers pain, she soothes affliction's smart,  
And in our sorrow blends maternal grief.  
Fly, fly to her, beneath her tender care,  
Sorrow shall cease, tears shall no longer flow,  
For you she'll pray, that the eternal King,  
May shower his mercies on your path below.

Children of Mary, &c.

Happy Sodalists, from life's earliest morn,  
Who in your holy mother's love unite,  
To Mary let your fervent prayers be borne,  
Mary, her children's refuge and delight!  
Yes, 'tis her pleasure to assist each child  
Who calls upon her aid in humble prayer;  
Past ages speak! say, was there ever one  
Whose vows our blessed mother would not  
hear?

Children of Mary, &c.

Temple divine! asylum of my heart!  
And must I from this sanctuary go?  
Alas! O mother, must I thus depart  
To tempt the perils of this world of woe?  
O Mary! 'mid what dangers must I plunge?  
The flood of scandal inundates the scene;  
O'er thy Sodalist watch, be thou his guide,  
Oh let not this, his humble prayer, be vain.

Children of Mary, &c.

---

## TRUE LOVE.

O SEE how Jesus trusts Himself  
Unto our childish love,  
As though by his free ways with us  
Our earnestness to prove!

God gives Himself as Mary's Babe  
To sinners' trembling arms,  
And veils his everlasting light  
In childhood's feeble charms.

His sacred Name a common word  
On earth He loves to hear ;  
There is no majesty in Him  
Which love may not come near.

His priests, they bear Him in their hands,  
Helpless as babe can be ;  
His love seems very foolishness  
For its simplicity.

---


The light of love is round his feet,  
His paths are never dim ;  
And He comes nigh to us when we  
Dare not come nigh to Him.

Let us be simple with Him then,  
Not backward, stiff, or cold,  
As though our Bethlehem could be  
What Sina was of old.

His love of us may teach us how  
To love Him in return ;  
Love cannot help but grow more free  
The more its transports burn.

The solemn face, the downcast eye,  
The words constrain'd and cold,—  
These are the homage, poor at best,  
Of those outside the fold.

They know not how our God can pla  
The Babe's, the Brother's part ;  
They dream not of the ways He has  
Of getting at the heart.



---

Most winningly He lowers Himself,  
Yet they dare not come near ;  
They cannot know in their blind place  
The love that casts out fear.

In lowest depths of littleness  
God sinks to gain our love ;  
They put away the sign in fear,  
And our free ways reprove.

O that they knew what Jesus was,  
And what untold abyss  
Lies in love's simple forwardness  
Of more than earthly bliss !

O that they knew what faith can work !  
What Sacraments can do !  
What simple love is like, on fire  
In hearts absolved and true !

How can they tell how Jesus oft  
His secret thirst will slake,  
On those strange freedoms childlike hearts  
Are taught by God to take ?

	PAGE
Mild and serene ye angels appear .....	499
Mine be Zion's habitation .....	<i>Noahs</i> ..... 523
Month of May.....	407
Mother! to thee myself I yield.....	411
Mother of Almighty God.....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 325
Mother of Christ! hear thou thy people's cry .....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 84
Mother of mercy, hail, O gentle Queen .....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 81
Mother of our Lord and Saviour .....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 191
My God, I love Thee, not because.....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 331
My God, my life, my love.....	<i>Anon</i> ..... 431
My soul, what hast thou done for God?....	<i>Faber</i> ..... 441
My spirit longeth for Thee.....	<i>Brydges</i> .... 471
Nigher still, and still more nigh.....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 361
Noble Champion of the Lord .....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 191
No track is on the sunny sky .....	<i>Faber</i> ..... 481
Now at the Lamb's high royal feast .....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 141
Now daily shines the sun more fair.....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 251
Now doth the fiery sun decline.....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 81
Now doth the fiery sun decline.....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 151
Now doth the sun ascend the sky .....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 51
Now let the earth with joy resound .....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 241
Now let us sit and weep.....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 101
Now, while the herald bird of day .....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 61
Now with the fast-departing light.....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 81
Now with the rising golden dawn.....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 71
Now with the slow-revolving year .....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 111
O blessed Saint, of snow-white purity .....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 201
O blest Creator of the light .....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 51
O blest Creator of the world .....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 61
O bounteous Framers of the globe.....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 67
O Captain of the Martyr host .....	<i>Caswall</i> ..... 326

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They would have run away from God  
For their own vileness' sake,  
And fear'd lest some interior light  
From tell-tale eyes should break.

They know not how the outward smile  
The inward awe can prove ;  
They fathom not the creature's fear  
Of Uncreated Love.

The majesty of God ne'er broke  
On them like fire at night,  
Flooding their stricken souls, while they  
Lay trembling in the light.

They love not ; for they have not kiss'd  
The Saviour's outer hem :  
They fear not ; for the Living God  
Is yet unknown to them !

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- O Thou, the Father's Image blest .....  
 O Thou, the Heaven's eternal King .....  
 O Thou, the Martyrs' glorious King .....  
 O Thou, thy Mother's Maker, hail .....  
 O Thou true life of all that live .....  
 O Thou, who dost all nature sway .....  
 O Thou, who dost all nature sway .....  
 O Thou, who thine own Father's breast .  
 O turn to Jesus, Mother, turn .....  
 Our limbs with tranquil sleep refreshed .  
 O what could my Jesus do more ? .....  
 O ye angelic bands, attend .....  
 Peter, blest Shepherd ! hear our piteous cry  
 Peter, whatever thou shalt bind on earth.  
 Perfection .....  
 Praise we those ministers celestial .....  
 Prayer of the contrite sinner. ....  
 Preparative to Prayer .....  
 Preserve, my Jesus, oh preserve .....  
 Protect thy native land, O Spirit blest....  
 Pure Light of light ! eternal Day .....  
 Pure, meek, with soul serene .....  
 Reception of Members .....  
 Redeemer blest of all who live .....  
 Rejoice, O ye Spirits and Angels on high.  
 Remember, man, that thou art dust .....  
 Remember, O Creator Lord .....  
 Riches and regal throne, for Christ's dear  
     sake .....  
 Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise .....  
 Rock of Ages, rent for me .....

---

Ill masters good ; good seems to change  
To ill with greatest ease ;  
And, worst of all, the good with good  
Is at cross purposes.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith,  
Their uphill journey take,  
Lose here what there they gain, and, if  
We lean upon them, break.

It is not so, but so it looks ;  
And we lose courage then ;  
And doubts will come if God hath kept  
His promises to men.

Ah ! God is other than we think ;  
His ways are far above,  
Far beyond reason's height, and reach'd  
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways  
Love's lifelong study are ;  
She can be bold, and guess, and act,  
When reason would not dare.

---

She has a prudence of her own ;  
Her step is firm and free ;  
Yet there is cautious science too  
In her simplicity.

Workman of God ! O lose not heart  
But learn what God is like ;  
And in the darkest battle-field  
Thou shalt know where to strike

O bless'd is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field, when He  
Is most invisible !

And bless'd is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that sees  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye !

O learn to scorn the praise of men !  
O learn to lose with God !  
For Jesus won the world through sin  
And beckons thee his road.

---

God's glory is a wondrous thing,  
Most strange in all its ways,  
And, of all things on earth, least like  
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave  
From time's misjudging shame,  
In his own world He is content  
To play a losing game.

Muse on his justice, downcast Soul!  
Muse and take better heart;  
Back with thine angel to the field,  
Good luck shall crown thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we  
Our anxious hearts may lay,  
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep  
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin!


## PERFECTION.

O how the thought of God attracts  
And draws the heart from earth,  
And sickens it of passing shows  
And dissipating mirth!

'Tis not enough to save our souls,  
To shun the eternal fires;  
The thought of God will rouse the heart  
To more sublime desires.

God only is the creature's home,  
Though long and rough the road;  
Yet nothing less can satisfy  
The love that longs for God.

O utter but the Name of God  
Down in your heart of hearts,  
And see how from the world at once  
All tempting light departs.



A trusting heart, a yearning eye,  
Can win their way above ;  
If mountains can be moved by faith,  
Is there less power in love ?

How little of that road, my soul !  
How little hast thou gone !  
Take heart, and let the thought of God  
Allure thee further on.

The freedom from all wilful sin,  
The Christian's daily task,—  
O these are graces far below  
What longing love would ask !

Dole not thy duties out to God,  
But let thy hand be free :  
Look long at Jesus ; his sweet Blood,  
How was it dealt to thee ?

The perfect way is hard to flesh ;  
It is not hard to love ;  
If thou wert sick for want of God,  
How swiftly wouldst thou move !

Good is the cloister's silent shade,  
Cold watch and pining fast ;  
Better the mission's wearing strife,  
If there thy lot be cast.

Yet none of these perfection needs :—  
Keep thy heart calm all day,  
And catch the words the Spirit there  
From hour to hour may say.

O keep thy conscience sensitive ;  
No inward token miss ;  
And go where grace entices thee ;—  
Perfection lies in this.

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,  
Love Him as He loves thee ;  
Time and obedience are enough,  
And thou a Saint shalt be !

---

## CONVERSION.

O FAITH! thou workest miracles  
Upon the hearts of men,  
Choosing thy home in those same hearts  
We know not how or when.

To one thy grave unearthly truths  
A heavenly vision seem ;  
While to another's eye they are  
A superstitious dream.

To one the deepest doctrines look  
So naturally true,  
That when he learns the lesson first  
He hardly thinks it new.

To other hearts the selfsame truths  
No light or heat can bring ;  
They are but puzzling phrases strung  
Like beads upon a string.



---

O Gift of Gifts! O Grace of Faith!  
My God! how can it be  
That Thou, who hast discerning love,  
Shouldst give that gift to me?

There was a place, there was a time,  
Whether by night or day,  
Thy spirit came and left that gift,  
And went upon his way.

How many hearts Thou mightst have  
More innocent than mine!  
How many souls more worthy far  
Of that sweet touch of thine!

Ah Grace! into unlikeliest hearts  
It is thy boast to come,  
The glory of thy light to find  
In darkest spots a home.

How will they die, how will they die,  
How bear the cross of grief,  
Who have not got the light of faith,  
The courage of belief?

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The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross  
Seem trifles less than light,—  
Earth looks so little and so low  
When faith shines full and bright.

O happy, happy that I am!  
If thou canst be, O Faith!  
The treasure that thou art in life,  
What wilt thou be in death?

Thy choice, O God of Goodness! then  
I lovingly adore;  
O give me grace to keep thy grace,  
And grace to merit more!

Deo Patri sit gloria  
Ejus que soli Filio,  
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,  
Nunc et per omne seculum.

To God the Father, glory be,  
And unto Christ his only Son,  
Together with the Holy Ghost;  
Now and for all eternity. .

## ENGLISH INDEX.

CONTAINING EVERY PIECE, EITHER BY ITS FIRST LINE OR TITLE.

	PAGE
Above the starry spheres .....	<i>Caswall</i> ... 150
After Communion .....	<i>W. Young</i> . 438
After Communion .....	<i>J. R. Beste</i> . 439
Again the slowly circling year .....	<i>Caswall</i> ... 152
Again the Sunday morn .....	<i>Caswall</i> ... 336
Ah! dearest Lord, I cannot pray .....	<i>Faber</i> ..... 451
All hail, dear conqueror, all hail .....	<i>Faber</i> ..... 355
All Saints .....	<i>Brydges</i> ... 397
All ye who groan, beneath .....	<i>Caswall</i> ... 323
All ye who seek a certain cure .....	<i>Caswall</i> ... 166
All ye who seek, in hope and love .....	<i>Caswall</i> ... 211
"And Jesus wept" .....	<i>Brydges</i> ... 494
An exile for the Faith .....	<i>Caswall</i> ... 331
Ark of the Covenant! not that .....	<i>Caswall</i> ... 164
Ash-Wednesday .....	<i>J. R. Beste</i> . 352
As the Sun .....	<i>Anon</i> ..... 502
At evening's silent hour .....	<i>Anon</i> ..... 404
At the Cross her station keeping .....	<i>Caswall</i> ... 182
Bathed in Eternity's all-beauteous beam ...	<i>Caswall</i> ... 203
Behold the Lamb .....	<i>Brydges</i> ... 366
Bethlehem! of noblest cities .....	<i>Caswall</i> ... 100
Blessed Lamb! on Calvary's mountain .....	<i>Brydges</i> ... 369
Blest Guardian of all virgin souls .....	<i>Caswall</i> ... 226
Blest Messenger of Heaven! thou didst ....	<i>Caswall</i> ... 229
Blest Spirits of Light! O ye have not forsaken	<i>Anon</i> ..... 428

	PAGE
<i>Ut quænt lais resonare fibris</i> .....	190
<i>Ut Sol decore lumine</i> .....	582
<i>Veni Creator Spiritus</i> .....	149
<i>Veni Creator Spiritus</i> .....	334
<i>Veni Creator Spiritus</i> .....	374
<i>Veni Sancte Spiritus</i> .....	290
<i>Veni e Cælo Mediator alto</i> .....	197
<i>Verbum supernum prodiens</i> .....	91
<i>Verbum supernum prodiens</i> .....	100
<i>Vexilla Regis procedunt</i> .....	135
<i>Victima Paschali laudes</i> .....	279
<i>Virginis Proles Opifexque matris</i> .....	267
<i>Virgo virginum præclara</i> .....	185
<i>Viva, viva, Gesù, (Ital.)</i> .....	347





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1





1  
2  
3  
4  
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6  
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8  
9  
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11  
12  
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92  
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94  
95  
96  
97  
98  
99  
100

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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased from 10.5 million to 13.5 million, and the number of people aged 75 and over has increased from 4.5 million to 6.5 million (Office for National Statistics 2000).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the needs of older people, and the need to ensure that the health care system is able to meet the needs of older people. The Department of Health (2000) has set out a strategy for the health care system to meet the needs of older people, and the Health Service Research Unit (2000) has set out a strategy for the health care system to meet the needs of older people.

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